

FOR YOU

# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 69. [ PUBLISHED  
EVERY MONDAY. ]

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 26TH, 1910.

ONE PENNY.

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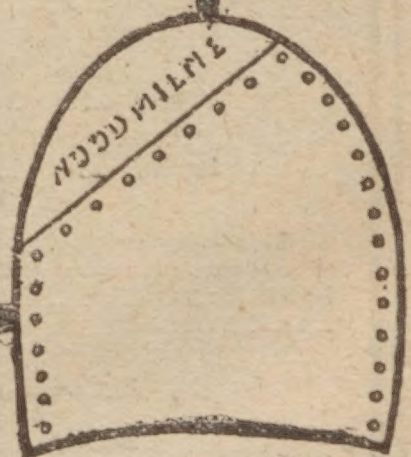
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No. SPRING WHY REA At abo cackins in melanc one seaso Spring is and faded must be months. But on in the he out our is nigh unce For, l rooms are well-y where pic patched summer a bounda and dispa Perhaps in which cards ad Second, a attendanc Running withal dr breeze be the runni He think in the e evening a Many a zoned sc the past, days and in ectious No m yarning n judic " round a b on the da he hies hi There l ever he w a secret shall have certain tin The di advent of tion; but only must kit, but sportsmer to get the to say tha ing off lat morning c paring Br

# The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 69.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 26TH, 1910.

ONE PENNY.

## SPRING AND THE SPORTSMAN.

WHY SO MANY THOUSANDS OF OUR READERS ARE BUSY JUST NOW.

At about the time this article is in print the cackles in the country lanes will be a mute and melancholy warning to the hunting man that the one season of the year for him is on the wane. Spring is at hand, and the mud-bespattered boots and faded "pink" in which his heart so delights must be reverently laid aside for many weary months.

But one man's sadness is another's content; and in the hearts of thousands of sportsmen throughout our isles just now there is awakening a well-nigh uncontrollable feeling of eager anticipation.

For, lo and behold! the ardent cricketer's rooms are a scene of active preparation. There are well-worn pads to be overhauled, and places, where pieces of horsehair peep out shyly to be patched up. The white flannels in which last summer he scored—and at times saved—so many a boundary must be brought out of the locker and dispatched to the laundry.

Perhaps he is the hardworking club secretary, in which case behold him wallowing among post-cards addressed to the members of the First, Second, and A, B, and C eleven, demanding their attendance at net practice.

Running, in the case of most men, is chilly and withal dreary work in winter time; but when the breeze begins to carry with it the breath of spring, the running man rouses himself to greater activity. He thinks joyously of spins across country, either in the early morning before business or in the evening after it.

Many a man in whose rooms rest gaily emblazoned sculls, the trophies of hard-won victories in the past, welcomes the gradual lengthening of the days and the increasing warmth of the sun with infectious enthusiasm.

No more will he spend his off-days simply yawning in his rooms with other men who are pre-occupied "wet-bobs" like himself, or else dawdling round a billiard-table. The glint of the sunbeams on the dancing waters calls to him, and happily he hies him to the boathouse.

There he deposits his rowing kit, for use whenever he wants it, and, by means of largess, makes a secret arrangement with the boatman that he shall have his favourite skiff reserved for him at a certain time every Saturday afternoon.

The different sports whose devotees hail the advent of early spring are too numerous to mention; but they are all hard at work just now. Not only must they prepare their various weapons and kit, but after a winter spent, as most summer sportsmen do, more or less in slacking, they have to get themselves into condition. So that it is safe to say that thousands of men are at present knocking off late hours and music-halls, and night and morning dumb-bells are whirling vigorously, preparing British sportsmen for the call of the spring.

F. ANDERSON.

## CHEEK.

The "Penny Pictorial" describes Mr. H. St. John Cooper as "The King of Novelists." Surely this is likely to raise Cain(e) in the Isle of Man.

Mr. Bart Kennedy says that "A big club is a sort of jungle. You find in it all sorts and conditions." Some "lions" and not a few monkeys, no doubt.

Says Mr. Edmund Gwenn: "The theatrical prejudice against football is an ignorant one." Yes. The general run of actors misunderstand the expression "Off-side!" It would, of course, be unbearable to them to have to put off any of theirs.

"If there is anything more objectionable than the cant of culture," says the "Glasgow Herald," "it is the cant of non-culture." But neither is so bad as the "Can't!" you hear when you ask a man to lend you a sovereign.

The "Scots Pictorial" says that "If a woman learns that a certain hat has become fashionable, it appears to her eyes twice as beautiful as it originally seemed." Unless, perhaps, it is another woman's.

The writer of a learned article in "Answers" says that "A touch on the toe will waken you much more readily than a touch on the shoulder." Especially if you happen to have a corn on it.

We learn from a contemporary that the Czar and Czarina of Russia "Live a self-contained life." One would imagine such an existence to be rather "flat."

A writer on feminine fashions says that the up-to-date woman changes her hair just as she changes her gown. And takes it off as often, too, by the way.

Mr. W. W. Andreef is of opinion that the Germans admire technique more than expression. This is not surprising. The expression of the average German has little to admire in it.

Mr. Arnold White tells us that "In the dark caves of Kentucky are found blind fish." We hope this is not the result of their proverbial habit of drinking.

A Radical evening paper publishes a recipe for a drink called "Welsh Nectar." We presume that this is served in "small Lloyd Georges."

The "Outlook" says that one of the Kaiser's rules of life is, "For a thousand bitter hours console yourself with one that is beautiful." But for an unswervingly honourable man with an ugly wife this would appear impossible.

J. S. COX.

## TAKING PLEASURE IN LIFE.

HOW IT AFFECTS ONE'S HEALTH.

I am sorry to say that a system of self-denial has somehow or another become associated with the pursuit of good health.

Doctors frequently find it necessary to put their patients on the simplest of diets as a preliminary to curing them of disease, but the reason for this is that in many cases the patients who are being treated have been in the habit of eating and drinking too much.

There is, however, a distinction to be drawn between over-indulgence and under-indulgence, and in my humble opinion one is as dangerous as the other.

From previous articles that I have written for this paper, it will, I think, have been gathered that I am not a believer in vegetarianism or in any other fad.

Its one and only recommendation is that its devotees obtain something of the benefit of a faith cure. The things they eat are unpleasant to the palate, but by a strangely illogical form of reasoning they suppose that they must therefore be doing them a world of good. More often they merely ruin their digestion.

The self-denial practised by vegetarians is followed also by others, and in matters that do not concern the inner man.

We all know the man who never by any chance allows himself the luxury of an evening at a theatre, and we also know the man who is so extremely economical in the matter of clothes that he never permits himself the pleasure of feeling really well turned out. These people may save money, but they are not building up for themselves a general constitution that might be called disease-resisting.

Experience proves that the mind plays a large part in the welfare of the body, and this is a fact admitted by every physician to-day.

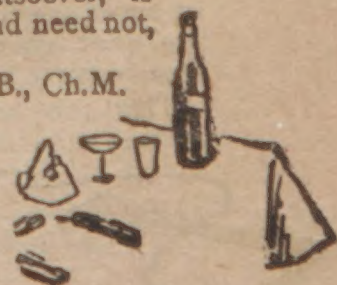
We all have some slight defect or some slight weakness that makes us liable to suffer from various maladies, and to overcome the illness that is always waiting to overtake us we must have a reserve of energy to fight disease. General good health is an essential element in this force, and one of its most important constituent parts is a keen interest in and enjoyment of life.

Unless a man really enjoys life, he is apt to give in when he is attacked by illness; on the other hand, when life is to him a very dear and precious thing, when each moment is filled with judicious pleasure, he has every incentive to battle against his malady, and to get better in the minimum of time.

I would urge every man to take his pleasures, and to take them sensibly.

I have endeavoured to show the folly of under-indulgence; the terrible folly of over-indulgence, in any form of pleasure whatsoever, is apparent to every man of sense, and need not, therefore, be emphasised.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.



# HUNTING ON SMALL MEANS

## CHEAP WAYS OF ENJOYING THE RICH MAN'S SPORT.

Fox-hunting has always been considered the sport *par excellence* of the wealthy sportsman, and the most natural remark which will be made by the man who reads my title is that it cannot be done.

But it can be done and has been done, and will be done again by the man who wants to follow the hounds.

A man can do most things that he wants to do. When he fails, nine times out of ten the reason lies in the fact that he didn't want it badly enough.

The man who is too poor to own a horse of his own, but who yet has a whole-hearted desire to hunt, can gratify his longing if he sets about it in the right way.

If he is not absolutely tied to London, he can get comfortable country "digs" at a very moderate rent. Having done this, he should make the most of his opportunities by cultivating the society of the neighbouring farmers.

Among them he will quite possibly find one who is willing to lend him a hunter. Farmers who go in for breeding hunters are not averse to letting a really good horseman exercise some of their horses for them.

It is, of course, taken for granted that you know how to ride and jump, and can take care of a good gee when you are on his back.

### THE COUNTRY FARM.

Or you may take up your quarters at a farmhouse, where, in addition to board and lodgings, you can have the use of a hunter so many times a week at a sum compatible with your income.

Supposing, however, that you are a City clerk, blessed or cursed—whichever way you like to put it—with a love of outdoor sports, and that it is your great ambition to do a bit of hunting, how is it to be managed?

Well, fox-hunting lasts from November until March—that is, when the weather permits. The only way in which you can put in more than a day or so is to get your annual holiday then instead of during the summer. Go to a good hunting centre and hire from a livery stable.

Comes expensive? Not of necessity. Motor-ing has done a lot of harm to country job-masters; men don't ride as much as they did—more's the pity.

### JOBING.

And you can hire very decent horses. In my opinion there is only one drawback in hiring a hunter. You cannot ride quite as recklessly as if the gee was your own. You must pick your jumps with a niceness that you never exercise when the chestnut is your property—you must go round by the gates instead of slap-dash over a stone wall with a big drop on the off-side, because no one can make such a row as a job-master if you take home your hunter in a damaged condition.

I remember a pal of mine who once, having lamed his own hunter, hired from a neighbouring stable.

The horse was a pretty fair one and a capital jumper, but his new rider forgot one precaution—he never tried him before he took him out, so he was quite ignorant of the way he took his fences. Nearly every hunter has a different plan.

This one took them with a rush, for which my pal was altogether unprepared. Consequently the



horse got badly staked, and he had to pay up, as well as smooth down an angry owner.

I only mention this to remind those who are obliged to hire that you cannot do as you like with a horse that is not yours, but, apart from that, the careful rider can get a good deal of pleasure out of a hired mount.

There is another way in which the town-dweller can participate in the ancient sport, but this is fraught with certain difficulties, and the question of expense is very much to the fore.

At the same time, a comparatively poor man, if he has only this one hobby, can hunt, say, once a

week, even if his home as well as his business necessitates his living in London, or any other big town many miles from a meet.

He may either have a horse of his own or hire.

### HUNTING FOR THE TOWNSMAN.

To hunt from town means the addition of a good deal of inconvenience and a vast amount of trouble—a railway journey, getting up in the dark, going without a comfortable hot breakfast, and a few minor discomforts—but the man who is only happy when in the saddle, with the hounds well in front and the cheerful cries of the huntsman in his ears, won't care a hang for these.

There is nothing on this earth like a brisk run with the soft wet wind on one's face, a fine horse under one, a cloudy sky above, and a right good company of fellow-sportsmen round about.

It is best to choose the nearest hunting centre, even if it's not a crack pack, and the going is not all that might be desired, rather than to attempt to hunt with famous hounds farther afield.

A long railway journey unfits any but those with the toughest of constitutions. A man does not go fresh to the day's sport after getting up before daybreak and spending hours on rail.

### THE CHEAPEST WAY.

If you can get some sporting friend to loan you a hunter, or some farmer of your acquaintance will give you stable-room for a gee of your own, you've only got to take your saddle with you, but if you hire from town stables there is the horse as well to convey by train.

After all, it is a far better plan to hire in the near neighbourhood of the county you elect to hunt over; it saves a good deal of worry and expense. Hunting from town can only be recommended for those who must hunt and yet cannot do it in any other way.

It is not half so expensive to keep a horse as most people imagine, but the man who rides only to hunt would find his hunter eating his head off for a good many months in the year.

Therefore the man with small means and a taste for hunting had better insert an advertisement in some sporting paper for a few weeks' board and residence in some farmhouse where he can have the loan of a hunter during his stay—unless he is lucky enough to have a pal whose stable is well stocked.

T. W. GARDEN.

Have you joined our League  
of Good-fellowship  
and Good-sportsmanship?

(See pages 4 and 10.)

## BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

### NINTH LESSON.

In a letter which I have received from a correspondent, the suggestion is made that the big guards, and counters I am describing in some detail are of no use in actual fighting.

"Some of your guards," he says, "are very clever indeed, but in a scrap one would never have a chance of bringing them off; the other man would have got one on to you before you had time to bring off an elaborate guard or counter upon him."

I am glad to have this letter, because it enables me to deal with certain views that are widely entertained concerning boxing. They are very misleading views.

No scientific instructor of boxing will deny that one of his best pupils may be knocked out in a street fight, and quite fairly knocked out, by a hooligan who possesses no scientific knowledge whatsoever, but who has the fighting instinct in an exceptionally strong degree. Such a fighter would be a brilliant success in the ring if he were properly trained, and even without receiving training but who have not his natural fighting instinct.

All I claim is that the course I am now giving you will, if carefully studied and properly practised, enable you to make a fair show with your hands when you get into trouble, and will also help a man who has a certain amount of natural gift to become a really expert boxer.

The hits I describe are on the latest and most scientific lines, and it is only by possessing the knowledge of these or similar hits that one can enjoy boxing as a scientific exercise.

My correspondent's suggestion that my guards and counters could not be brought off quickly enough is true only where these guards have not been sufficiently practised.

Time and again I have urged the necessity of constant sparring, in order that you may learn to bring off the things you show with scientific speed.

When an instructor gives a practical lesson to a pupil, he leads him slowly, and allows the pupil to guard himself slowly, and to counter him in similar fashion, but nobody supposes that in ring work or any other form of fighting your opponent is going to wait for you in this way.

In learning the hits it is advisable to take time over them till you have mastered them thoroughly, but you must work yourself up in speed by constant practice.

In the seventeenth hit your opponent describes with his left and you duck as already described, allowing his glove to pass over your left shoulder. As you duck, you step in and deliver a left-hand blow on his stomach and your right hand on the side of his waist. The knuckles in each case are uppermost.

In the eighteenth hit he leads and you duck above, but this time you deliver your left on his stomach and your right on his jaw.

G. GOWING.

[Another article of this series will appear next week.—EDITOR.]



XVII.—A double body blow.



XVIII.—A body and a face blow.

## COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By CHARLES BARCLAY.

## THE SCALES OF JUSTICE



Mrs. Featherstone was certainly the prettiest woman in the village of Plymford, Devon. She had bright eyes, red lips, and sparkling teeth. Her hair was the colour of ripe corn, and her body slim and supple as a young tree.

She had been married a year, and she was twenty-two. On the London stage her face and figure would have purchased a title for her. As it was, she was the wife of a workman at the quarry, and probably far happier.

She sounded happy enough this morning as she bustled about with her work. It was her washing day, and she sang as she "dolloed." She wanted to get all her housework done before dinner, so that she might have time to devote the whole of the afternoon and evening to sewing.

What she had to sew were divers things of mysterious smallness, which is all that need be said about it.

Happy she was, though the day was dull and fog was rolling up from the moor in clouds like fine smoke.

The Featherstones' cottage stood by itself in the centre of a quarter-acre of garden, and it is the first sign of Plymford that you get if you are entering the village from the high road of the moor. The next sign is round the bend, a good fifty yards away.

By eleven o'clock the fog had thickened so much that it was no use expecting the clothes hanging on the line in the garden to dry, so Mrs. Featherstone fetched them in to suspend across the kitchen.

She sang nearly all the time, mostly hymns, changing from one tune to another as her unconscious mood directed. And perhaps that was why the intruder was in the kitchen before she heard him.

She was folding some clothes at the table when he entered and stood, supporting himself by a hand on the wall, panting.

"For the love of Christ," he gasped. Mrs. Featherstone looked over her shoulder, more in surprise at the sound of a voice than the words.

"Oh!" she said, and spun round with a start. The man was in convict dress.

In the stillness of terror and astonishment she brought her hands slowly together till they clasped, and remained rigid and white, staring.

Many women would have screamed, but she was made of sterner stuff than tends to hysteria. And, indeed, the man was more an object for pity than for fright.

He was dirty, ragged, spent. There were scratches on his face and hands, and the cheeks showed ashen beneath the dirt. His close-cropped chin had almost as much hair as his unshaven head; the skin hung pendulous over his jaw, though he was palpably not old, and his eyes—his eyes! They were sunken and bloodshot, wild, hunted, terrible.

His head drooped low as she stared, and he made a feeble gesture with his free hand.

"Oh, dear," she said, on an indrawn breath. He continued his cruel fight for breath, groaning at intervals. Then suddenly he jerked himself together and took a quick look through the open door. The mist obscured all but the fruit trees near by.

"Are they still after you?" she said quickly. He shut the door and turned round, the expression unchanged in his eyes.

She knew in an instant that his desperation was perilous, that every hand was against him, in every face an enemy.

Yet her courage returned with her woman's understanding of him.

"Sit down," she said, and ran to fill a glass of water for him at the sink.

He drank, with teeth that chattered on the glass. "They're close by?" she queried sharply.

"I don't know," he muttered with lowered head. And all at once great, bursting sobs wrenched him.

"Come, come," she said, her eyes tingling in pity as she saw the tears dropping in big splashes on his knees. "Can I give you somat to eat?"

He made no answer, but rocked slowly, the tears raining now. The reaction of exhaustion was at its height.

Unable to bear the sight of such misery, she hurried to the cupboard and cut him some bread and cheese.

The sudden scrape of the chair made her glance round rapidly. He was on his feet with the door ajar, peeping through and crouching.

"Here, eat this," she said, as he shut the door again, "and tell me more about it if you feel able."

He ate with quivering lips, and from the clumsy movement of his jaws the food might have been dry as bran.

She turned to the table with instinctive tact and resumed the folding of her clothes.

"Two days ago I made a dash for it," he mumbled, without looking at her. "Hadn't you heard? I've had no rest or food or sleep since. They're hounding me like wolves—like wolves."

She had heard, but the prison was on the other side of the moor, and only last night her husband had told her the man had been recaptured.

"Where are they now?" she asked.

"I don't know. I saw them in the early morning, and they saw me. Only the fog came on, and I got away. I ran. Oh, God, how I ran! To have to run from your fellow-men! And the pains! The pains!"

He screwed his body with the torture of his remembrance.

"What was it you did?" she asked, with feminine curiosity.

He shot her a look from under lowered brows. He was getting nerve, intelligence, and hope.

He did not answer the question, but went on in a tone of more life.

"There's just one chance. If you can give me some clothes, any sort, and hide these, and a little money, I may get to Plymouth. I swear to God I'll repay you. It would be charity. It would be pity, divine as Christ's. Only a woman can be like that—only a woman like you."

He had been a gentleman. She felt it in the words as well as in the voice. But to assist a prisoner to escape was a criminal offence, as all the countryside knew.

He read the hesitation in her face as well as her struggle against it.

"Every minute's precious," he said in agony, getting to his feet. "Every minute."

He looked again at the door, at the window, at

her. She was still hesitating, rubbing her palms slowly together, and regarding him fixedly.

"I swear to you I'm an innocent man," he said, taking a step towards her. "I took the blame of my brother. He was younger. He had stolen some money. I —"

"Oh, I daren't!" she said helplessly. She was a young wife, and it would be dreadful to get into trouble, perhaps imprisoned, just now.

He took another step, and his expression changed. There was threat almost of murder in the locked lips, the bloodshot eyes. But she stood her ground, and the eyes wavered.

They fastened on something and he darted to it. It was the knife with which she had cut the bread. Her heart stopped beating.

"If you don't help me," he said, "I shall plunge this knife into my throat now."

There was silence. He had found an argument that it was beyond her to resist.

"Put it down," she said at last, quietly, "and come upstairs."

He followed her to a small bedroom, fresh and sweet as herself. He stopped her as she was getting her husband's Sunday suit out of a drawer.

"Not that," he said. "Something rougher, if you've got it."

She hunted out an old pair of corduroy trousers and a jacket. She found a clean shirt, socks, and a muffler. She moved about quickly, but with a quiet that might have told him she was suffering. For it was in her heart that this thing meant the end of her happiness.

Strangely, too, he seemed to have forgotten his danger in the occupation of watching her.

She caught his glance as she was leaving the room, and for some hidden reason she flushed. He could not guess that in a way this room was sacred to her.

"Thank you," he said, with meaning.

And she went out.

She was back in a trice, her hand on her heart.

"Listen!" she whispered.

There were voices outside and feet on the road.

Then she crossed the room, opened a cupboard which was filled with hanging clothes, and pointed to it.

She put her husband's clothes back in their place, ran downstairs, and was again busy with her work when three warders with rifles in hand passed the window.

She opened the door, and looked astonishment.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the leader, a harsh-faced man with a greyish moustache. "One of the convicts has broken Dartmoor, and he's somewhere this way. I suppose you haven't seen him?"

Mrs. Featherstone was clever. She betrayed just the right amount of alarm and just the requisite hint of excitement.

"You don't say! No, I've been washing all morning, so was hardly likely to. Are you sure he was about here? I'm all by myself, and I'd best keep the door locked, if he is."

"You had," said the warder, who accepted her word without a shade of suspicion. "From what we know of him he's the sort as all women would do well to keep clear of."

"Why, what d'ye mean?" Her voice rang sharp with anxiety.

"Well, he's doing a seven years' stretch for bigamy. You'd know his name if you read the Sunday papers. Samuel Groom, he is."

"The man who married all those poor women," gasped Mrs. Featherstone, "and robbed 'em—and deserted 'em after he'd taken all they'd got."

Her voice rose higher on a flood of anger.

"And made most of 'em mothers—was that the man?"

"Yes. One of them chucked herself in the water when she found out the truth about him. I don't wonder at you looking savage."

"Wait!" Mrs. Featherstone's face was ablaze. She had no doubt of the justice of her action, she was in arms against the oppression of her fellow-women, women who trusted and were outraged.

She stood aside from the door.

"He's upstairs," she said.

# PASSING THE TIME AWAY



## DIFFERENT WAYS OF OCCUPYING ONE'S LEISURE HOURS.

The Editor has handed me a most interesting letter from a reader, in the course of which he confesses that he finds great difficulty in passing the time away.

"It is easy," he says, "to talk the 'Secrets of Success' nonsense, and say that I should spend my spare time studying with a view to business advancement. But in my office I have no chance of rising by anything but seniority, and we are never worked overtime. I have no leaning towards athletics, nor do I care for reading, and the problem of what to do with my leisure is often a very serious one."

As many thousands of readers are no doubt faced by the same difficulty, it may be of interest to consider briefly some of the alternatives.

In the first place, one can just loaf about and "do nothing." This is what one is usually reduced to, unless one has some definite form of recreation to which to turn when nothing more important has to be done.

### DOING NOTHING.

But there is nothing more boring than "doing nothing," so that that is by no means to be recommended as a pastime. Of course, we shall be told that it profits neither body nor mind, and that we do not even derive exercise from it, but the main fact is that loafing is usually boring, and what we need is something to pass the time away. Loafing only makes it seem longer.

For the energetic man who wants a means of letting off steam and of keeping in the best of health there are the many different forms of athletics that are possible in town or country.

In some cases, however, games only occupy an hour or so on a Saturday afternoon, and are impossible in the winter evenings. Football is a case in point. But even here, when you reckon in the time occupied in reaching the field and that spent in the congenial company of your fellow-players after the match, you don't get much "change" out of a Saturday afternoon.

### NIGHTLY RUNS.

And the prospect of the weekly game is often an incitement to some form of training during the week, and cross-country running can be indulged in and even gains an added interest after dark.

Golf, for those who can afford it, is scarcely to be beaten as a means of passing the time away. It can be played at any hour, so long as it is daylight; it demands no great exertion, and a round occupies a considerable time, but yet it provides exercise and that tired feeling that is so pleasant at the end of a day, when you feel that you have earned it.

For those whose pastimes must be less expensive, there is the gymnasium, which has great claims as being a means of obtaining exercise even on winter evenings. And under this head I

would include the various indoor sports, such as boxing, fencing, single-stick, and so on. Most towns of any size, and many clubs, are provided with a gymnasium, but in any case it should not be difficult for a few friends to join together and start one.

Or, again, rinking provides a fine occupation and an exercise which may be as energetic, or otherwise, as you please.

### INDEPENDENT PURSUITS.

There are many, however, who, though lovers of sport at heart, prefer less energetic recreations, whether because they are no longer so young as they once were or for some other reason.

For them there are the various field sports, or the simplest, and to most Nature-lovers the finest, pastimes of walking and cycling, for even a city-dweller can in these days easily reach the open country.

Even if, like the correspondent I have quoted, a man is not particularly keen on athletics—and there are naturally many who are not—he may often cultivate a liking for them.

But to turn from bodily recreations to less athletic means of passing the time away, there is the obvious and probably most popular one of theatre-going. This has, in the first place, the great drawback that it is expensive; in the second, that if it is indulged in regularly it ceases to become a pleasure. One becomes *blasé* and weary of the artificiality of the theatre and music-hall, and in many cases the hot atmosphere and noise and glare make a visit to them anything but restful.

### HOBBIES.

But the man who has no taste either for reading or for active sport need not despair of finding a congenial means of occupying his leisure.

He can take his choice from numerous hobbies that are both interesting and useful, and many of them he can actually turn to account and make the source of a welcome addition to his income.

So many of these hobbies have already been dealt with in these columns that it is hardly necessary for me to enumerate them, but a man of artistic tastes may become a skilled craftsman in his leisure time, and thus have two strings to his bow, or he may find plenty to occupy him in more practical, if less artistic, work, such as carpentry and the endless odd jobs that need doing about the house.

Or he may go in for collecting—and there is no end to the extraordinary things he may collect.

There is no need to stick to the stereotyped things, such as stamps or crests or picture-postcards, or even postmarks, though all these have their interest. I have known a man who collected "red boxes," which, as most people naturally do not know, are the despatch-boxes supplied to Cabinet Ministers at the expense of the nation, while another friend of mine possesses what is probably an unique collection of shoes, from lucky charms for the watch-chain to Oriental slippers.

The debating club will appeal to some, but too much talk about politics has its dangers, and it is better to be doing something than talking.

The learning to play a musical instrument—either the piano or the banjo or the mandoline, for instance—is also an extremely useful way of passing the time when it hangs heavily on your hands. No one without time to spare for practice can attempt such an undertaking, but to be able to play an accompaniment, even if you cannot rise to solos, is an accomplishment which will make your social value rise enormously.

### THE FINEST PASTIMES OF ALL.

And there is yet another means of occupying one's leisure time which provides exercise at once for mind and body, besides demanding your whole attention for the time being and bringing you into the company of men of like tastes with yourself—and that is Territorial work. There are few corps which cannot find the man who has the leisure to spare enough to keep him occupied in all his available time. Indeed, it is men with plenty of time on their hands of whom the force is most in need, and they have a splendid opportunity of doing real service to their country.

For them it is possible that regular attendance on parade that ensures promotion and gives them a hand in the organisation of their corps, which needs so much more time than can usually be devoted to it.

The choice of a pastime, surely, is sufficiently wide; indeed, it is the very number of things that we have to choose from that so often leaves us in doubt as to what to turn to. The happiest man is probably he whose leisure is occupied by several of the pursuits to which I have referred.

The surest way to see that time does not hang heavy on your hands is to set yourself more to do than you can possibly get through.

ALAN HAMER.

## THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are an enthusiastic reader of this paper, we welcome you to membership of our League. The only qualification demanded is that you should be a good sort, and a sportsman at heart, if not in actual fact.

The objects of the League are by this time known to most of our readers. The League has been founded to encourage good-fellowship and good-sportsmanship wherever this paper is read—that is wherever the English language is spoken.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

### APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....



# SOCIAL DISTINCTION



*The rank is but the  
guinea stamp;  
The man's the gold for  
a' that!*  
—BURNS.

It is doubtful whether any lines in poetry have been so frequently quoted as these lines of Burns's, and in almost every case they are used and understood in an erroneous connection.

Their truth is undeniable, for it is indeed the *man* who is the gold, and his social status is but the imprint made by the Coiner of Circumstances. The quotation, however, is generally used to show that the working-man is as good as his master, if not better; very rarely is the full meaning of the truth embodied in the lines understood—they imply, and rightly, that the employer may also, even as a man, be as good as the workman.

It is with the purpose of removing to some extent the terrific amount of social prejudice that exists, that I am writing now.

You must remember that there are fools at the present day, just as there always have been fools, but you must not judge the whole class to which they belong from your experience of these fools.

There are fools at our great universities, moneyed fools whose one aim and object is to pose as gay dogs and to spend as much money as possible; by this, and by riotous living generally, they hope to make themselves in some degree worthy of the notice of their fellow-undergraduates.

## HOW THEY ARE RECORDED.

The only ones they impress are the very raw youngsters that have just come from the public schools. The other men, who have more sense, regard them as foolish butterflies, not worthy of notice or even of contempt.

It is this spendthrift class, however, that has earned the stigma of snobbishness for our great universities. It is their habit to refer to all others of their age who do not belong to a university as "cads." They use the word so frequently that it has even come to cease in their minds to bear the objectionable interpretation which the average man associates with it. It is they who speak glibly of "outsiders," by which they mean not a man who is objectionably pretentious or self-assertive, but any one who is not in their particular set. They are the fools of their class, and it is little short of a national misfortune that their views and their stupidity should have been set up, particularly by lady novelists, as a sort of criterion of university behaviour and outlook.

If all university men were like these, one would indeed be justified in despising them all; but these men are exceptions, although they are so self-assertive that unfortunately they are apt to bulk more largely in the consideration of the casual observer than they ought to do.

## ONLY GILT.

To use Burns's metaphor, these men have certainly the guinea stamp, but it is the guinea stamp impressed upon a piece of gilt paper with nothing better than a cardboard basis. There is not a particle of gold in their composition, and no one realises this better than the men of their own university.

The average intelligent university man, on the other hand, is leading a life with which it is difficult to find fault.

In some cases he has been gifted with inherited wealth, and in other cases with brain power that has enabled him to secure a scholarship; but, being so gifted, is there any reason why he should not avail himself of the opportunity of securing the best education, both intellectually and as a

man, that it is possible at the present day to obtain?

The man who has secured a university training by means of his own efforts is usually a diligent student, although not infrequently he finds time for a good deal of sport. The other, whose intellectual claims are not much, but whose parents are wealthy enough to give him such an education, generally devotes himself ardently to sport, and it is doubtful whether the things he learns from his fellow-men who are engaged in his pastimes are not as permanently beneficial to him as his mere book-learning.

## GIVING A HELPING HAND.

The average English university student is a sportsman or a scholar, and often both.

Whether he is both or either, he has too much sense to despise those beneath him, either in social standing or in intellect. But his position regarding them is not merely a negative one; frequently he takes active part in doing what he can for the welfare of the less fortunate, and many happy holiday camps have been organised for the benefit of East-End Londoners by missions run in connection with the universities. At such a camp you will find an Oxford undergraduate—a gentleman in all the details of behaviour, but also a gentleman in what is more important, heart—sleeping in the same tent with the roughest of the rough from Shoreditch and Seven Dials.

He is not condescending to them, neither does he pity them, for he does not acknowledge, even to himself, that they are inferior in any way. He simply looks on their position as a bit of ill-luck, and he is doing what he can to help them, in precisely the same way as he would assist in pulling out of the water one of his own boat's crew who had happened to get a ducking.

And these rough men, without thinking about it at all, realise this.

## THE RESULT.

They carry back to London with them, and back to the slums and the abode of Socialism, a little bit of useful truth, and they cease to laugh at a man who is well dressed.

One thing that the Territorial movement has done has been to give opportunities to many young working-men of learning that their officers, who are better off in respect to this world's goods than they are, are exactly men like themselves—just as plucky and just as liable to get tired during a long march, and just as human in every other respect.

It is unfortunate, however, that many Territorial officers are rank and arrant snobs, who have sought a commission for the supposed advantage that it will give them. Such men are the fools of their class, and those whose intimate knowledge of the well-to-do is limited to meetings with such men, may be excused for forming an erroneous impression concerning the upper classes generally.

The well-to-do man, unless he is a fool, does not despise the working-man, and therefore it is not necessary to present him with arguments why he should not do so, but unfortunately the working-man is too apt to despise the other.

Let him remember that the chap who has been born well-to-do, or who has raised himself to that happy position, has feelings, inclinations, and a heart just like himself. He may dress better and put his money into circulation by spending it on various sports and so forth, but would the working-man spend it otherwise if he had been similarly circumstanced?

G. MOWBRAY.



## THE DOOM OF THE BULL'S-EYE.

### A REVOLUTION IN RIFLE-SHOOTING.

During the present month, unknown to a great number of riflemen and unrealised by many more, events have been taking place which will have more effect on the marksmanship of the British nation than any move which has been made since the introduction of breech-loaders.

The cause of this flutter in the dovescotes of the riflemen is that the Council of the National Rifle Association have decided to substitute a figure target for the present bull's-eye target at Bisley this year for all shooting at the 500 yards range. The new target will probably be painted half green and half white, with a brown figure in the centre, and will be not unlike that used in the annual Territorial musketry course.

That may seem a small innovation in itself, but it means a great deal to all those who are doing their best to make themselves of use to their country as marksmen.

The King's Prize at Bisley practically regulates all rifle-shooting outside the Regular Army, with the exception of Territorial class-firing. A man cannot practise shooting by himself unless he is wealthy; he can only do so by joining a club, and almost every rifle club is affiliated to the National Rifle Association. The annual meeting of that association at Bisley is the event which provides the incentive and object for the great majority of rifle-shots. Only a few thousand go to Bisley itself, but in many clubs and regiments there is keen competition to get into the representative team, or to win the contests which involve a nomination for the big Bisley shoots.

The introduction of a figure target at 500 yards, therefore, will necessitate the purchase of new targets by every club in the country, whose members are to have a chance at Bisley.

But there are more serious difficulties than that. The proposed target will be in certain lights scarcely visible, which in itself will not tend to good shooting, but will be likely to deter men from entering competitions in which, as in most cases, all competitors cannot shoot at once, for where light and atmosphere become of such importance the time at which a man is squadded may put him out of the running. A marksman who is to improve his shooting must have something that can be seen to aim at.

It is the War Office, of course, who are responsible for the innovation, and it is only the thin end of the wedge. Disappearing targets and unknown ranges will follow, and competition shooting will become a wild gamble.

But that would not matter if it tended to improve our national marksmanship. Rifle-shooting is a sport, and a fine one, but it is first and foremost a precaution for our national defence.

It has been proved, however, that the men who have been trained by bull's-eye shooting, when set to fire at figure targets under service conditions, are far superior to those who have not had the chance of learning to walk before they attempted to run, and have been set to fire at figures too early.

The Army Council at times has some strange ideas in the matter of rifle-shooting, which it considers far superior to the convictions of those who have made rifles and riflemen their lifelong study.

Shortly before the South African War it decided that the standing and kneeling positions were of most use in warfare, and obtained their adoption at Bisley. It has devised a musketry course for the Army which enables it to find that out of 560,000 shots fired they can count on seven hits, so that the cost of one hit is about £200.

Would it not be better to spend a little more time and money on redeeming the Territorial musketry course from the farce it now is, and to leave the Bisley bull's-eye alone?

Every year the standard of marksmanship is advancing, so that the conditions have to be made more difficult, but this can be done without such a radical change, and already a great and increasing number of rapid-firing and figure-target competitions take place.

A. H. MAUDE.



## MEN'S DEBATING CLUBS.

An excellent place in which to obtain an hour or two's enjoyment, combined, very often, with useful instruction, is the debating club.

There are many such institutions dotted about all over the country, places where, for the price of a drink, temperance or otherwise, and perhaps a packet of tobacco or cigarettes, a man may obtain the right to stand up and call a debate on some burning question of the day.

In London the best known is the Cogers' Hall, an ancient institution the venue of which has been shifted about a little of late years; and a notable instance of a provincial "debater" exists at Bradford. Most readers in that Yorkshire town will recognise it as being held at a quaint little chop-house in a quiet court off Kirkgate. Here men of all ages, from beardless youths to white-haired patriarchs, are wont to gather weekly and gravely discuss an infinite range of subjects from Old-Age Pensions to the Two-Power Naval Standard.

Sometimes additional fun is derived from debates at such clubs by the secret understanding that the losing party—after the vote has been put on the most important question of the evening—shall "club together" and provide a supper for the learned debaters.

## KNURR AND SPELL.

Have you ever played knurr and spell? Perhaps not; but if you are a Lancashireman or a Yorkshireman, you will in all probability have seen it played. Anybody who boasts quickness with his hands and a good "eye" ought soon to become a very passable exponent of "knurr and spell."

The game is played with a wooden or porcelain ball, about one and a half inches in diameter, a trap, and a bat of an uncommon shape. It is made of a piece of hard wood, something similar in shape to a bottle split in two from top to bottom. The handle is a long piece of stout cane, which the player holds by the end in both hands. He releases the trigger of the trap, catches the ball on the volley, and drives it as far as he can. The distance is measured, and then another player "has a go." Any number of players may participate in the game, which is won by the man who has made the farthest drive.

The knack of driving far lies in hitting the ball at an angle of 45 degrees with the plane of the horizon, or, roughly, with the ground.

## SETTING UP EARLY—

## SOME COMPENSATIONS.

Doubtless a good many of us are forced by the special character of our work to get up and start off at an hour when other people are still in their beds. And perhaps some of us grumble at this.

But when we feel such a mood coming over us, we should spend a minute or so in the consideration of the different little pleasures which early rising affords us, and which are not enjoyed by the man who goes to his work at a later hour.

For instance, what man who has once observed the grandeur of the sun's slow rise, whether through the pearly mist of a country landscape or gradually dispelling the thick night-murk of a big city, does not ever afterwards experience the keenest admiration whenever he sees it again?

And, again, a spirit of good-fellowship prevails among early-morning workers which is, of course, impossible later on, when the streets are thronged with hurrying crowds. In the early hours two men when they meet will never fail to exchange a cheery "Good morning!" though they may be totally unacquainted with one another; and this greeting will serve to send each of them on his way with spirits that, somehow, are lighter for it.

Finally, we all know that the hours just after sunrise are the most health-giving of the whole day; so that it is clear that, after all, the early-morning worker has very little cause for complaining.

## FROM OUR READERS



## A USEFUL EMERGENCY DODGE.

Has it ever happened to you to finish a lengthy manuscript of any kind, and then to find yourself without anything to fasten the leaves together with?

Here is a hint which is often very useful in such cases. Look among your old weekly papers and select one which is bound with good strong wire pins. Unfasten one of these carefully. Then straighten it out so as to form two right angles, place the pin at the top left-hand corner of your papers, and with some sharp instrument make two punctures at the two points of the pin.

Then all you have to do is to push the points through and bend them down at the back. But don't use pins from THE MODERN MAN. Choose those of some other paper which you don't care about keeping.

## THE IMPORTANT SECOND YEAR.

With the coming of spring the adjutants of the various Territorial headquarters will be sending out to their men the drills programme for the year.

When the one addressed to "Trooper Smith" arrives, the card will get a place of honour on the mantel-piece, or perhaps get put in an inside coat pocket to be "accidentally" pulled out a few times and re-read.

For Trooper Smith is a last year's recruit, but he knows that he is on the regimental strength as a "trained soldier." Smithie therefore decides that he will "call round, if anywhere near, just to see what's going on." But you can bet your last match that Smith *will* be there.

He realises his own importance. He knows the drill, can make a good show on the Morris tube range, and realises that it would not do for him to be absent and let the S.S.M. be there with the "cruities" and no "trained soldier."

That is why "Smithie" enters the hall with firm tread and set shoulders. That's why he greets the Sergeant-Major as though he had known him for years. A scowl from that worthy gentleman holds now no terrors for him, even if he has seen service in Africa and Egypt and wears half a yard of colours on his breast, can (and often does)

## READERS' PARAGRAPHS.

Send us a paragraph on some subject that really interests you. We want something dashing and original that will interest your fellow-readers.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 300 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. H. A. Hacksley, Broad Green, Wellingborough, for "The Important Second Year."

swear in three languages, chews baccy, takes snuff, and owns the driest tongue in the squadron. Smithie looks upon him as a

Briton and a man, and so he is, for all his faults. You see, Smithie is a "trained man" now, and he likes to let you know. That is why he takes such an interest in the "new 'uns," and puts them up to a few wrinkles. That's why he is willing to teach the raw recruit all he knows himself, tells him how to clean his rifle, how to put on his puttees, "blanco" his head-rope, and perform the hundred and one odd jobs that make or mar a "Terrier's" comfort in camp.

Smithie feels himself this year; he can relate his experiences on the Plain with the ease of an old Regular; he is on speaking terms with all the non-coms., knows the "big bugs" by sight, and feels no longer a stranger, but "one of 'em"—and so he is.

Next year will be his third, and, though he may be wearing the "cross guns" or "flags," or even a stripe, he will not realise his importance as he does this year.

## SORE BACK IN HORSES.

An ailment of horses which is one of the most troublesome to owners is "sore back." It is generally a contusion of the skin brought about by hard and irregular pressure of the saddle in a particular portion of the back. But in many cases it is produced by the saddle being placed too far back and then being pulled forward into its proper position against the "lie" of the horse's hair.

It is thus most important when saddling your horse, to put the saddle on forward and move it backwards into its right seat.

When a horse has a tendency to suffer from this painful ailment, it is a good plan, after a ride, to leave the saddle on until the animal's skin is cool, and until its circulation has returned to the normal. But if the skin has become "puffy" and soft, the horse should not be ridden, and applications of cold water, preferably mixed with common salt, should be given. Lead lotion, too, is very useful.

If there is abrasion of the skin, an excellent dressing is ordinary writing ink, the iron and gallic acid in which possess particularly astringent qualities.

## SMALL ECONOMIES.

Living in digs on a small screw teaches one economy. At least, that's what I find.

Now, my landlady is more than economical over the coals—she's parsimonious, so I have adopted this plan. I take about half a teaspoonful of saltpetre and mix with it half a cupful of water, and pour this over a scuttle of coals. I leave the coal to stand five minutes before I use any, and so I get a good bright fire which lasts ever so much longer than formerly.

A small gas ring is a great saving both of trouble and expense, for I can get my own hot water in the morning without waiting for the tardy appearance of the slavey. I can cook my own breakfast, if need be, and am quite independent of the landlady. It is a great deal less trouble than a spirit lamp, which has to be filled and trimmed.

The easiest way to darn socks and stockings is to turn them inside out and put them on a boot-tree. It beats drawing them over one's hand hollow, because it's a hard surface, and you are not so likely to get the socks "cobbled." An "emergency bag" is a useful thing for the man who has to look after himself. It contains amongst other things loose buttons of different sorts, a paper of pins, and a packet of needles.

A flat iron is another bachelor's ally, and the gas ring heats it admirably. A good brushing and then ironing with a moderately hot iron will keep a man's clothes in fair condition, and it does not take up very much of one's time.

A rent in a kid glove can be mended quite well if you use cotton, and not silk or thread, and a fine needle to do it with. Catch the rent together, on the wrong side, of course.

## COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

## A DAY COME BACK

habit of calling in to have long friendly talks with him. That is all."

We said no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

At nine o'clock that evening Gilchrist's house-keeper answered a knock at the front door and came in to say that Sigurd was outside.

Gilchrist and I exchanged a quick glance.

He got up and went out, and reappeared shortly, followed by Sigurd, a giant with a face hard as rock.

"Sigurd is leaving the town," explained Gilchrist casually, "and has come to return some of my books. Sit down, Sigurd."

Sigurd was pulling several books out of his large pockets and putting them on the table. This finished, he stood staring steadfastly at the wall.

"I don't want all these back," continued Gilchrist, going through them. "I should like you to keep a few of them if you will."

"Thank you, Mr. Gilchrist," said Sigurd indifferently.

Gilchrist made two piles of the books, and then stood thinking. I could not but admire the grave quiet of his understanding.

"There's a volume here you might like to have as well," he went on, crossing to his bookcase.

"The Story of the Volsungs." I was hoping we might go through it together."

"Thank you, Mr. Gilchrist," said Sigurd, whose eyes were fixed.

"Some of the songs are very beautiful," continued Gilchrist with a student's enthusiasm as he opened the book and selected one to quote at random.

"Mark the wild poetry of this one—'Long have I slept and slumbered long. Many and long are the woes of mankind—'"

He stopped abruptly, as though at the accidental appositeness of the words.

And all at once something happened to Sigurd. He started, as if flicked with a whip, and his great head uplifted in the attitude of listening.

Gilchrist saw it at the same moment as I did.

"'Long have I slept,'" muttered Sigurd, "'and slumbered long.'"

He repeated the lines again, slowly turning to look at us. His lips had softened, and there was dawning wonder in his eyes.

No, not wonder; memory.

I heard Gilchrist draw in his breath sharply, and felt rather than saw him lower the book and stare, fascinated.

Sigurd's gaze had wandered from us and was now upwards, the pupils contracting in puzzlement. His lips were moving.

For several seconds there was intense stillness.

Then suddenly he began to chant in a soft voice, and Gilchrist stepped swiftly to me and gripped my arm in fingers of steel.

As Sigurd chanted, his body gradually lost its rigidity, and his eyes began to blaze.

*"Long have I slept  
And slumbered long,  
Many and long are the woes of mankind,  
By the might of Odin  
Must I bide helpless  
To shake from off me the spells of slumber."*

A silence.

"Yes, yes," whispered Gilchrist. "Go on. 'Hail to the day—'"

Sigurd took the words from his mouth, his voice ringing—

*"Hail to the day come back!  
Hail, sons of the daylight!  
Hail to thee, dark night, and thy daughter!  
Look with kind eyes a-down  
On us sitting here lonely,  
And give unto us the gain that we long for."*

Sigurd's right arm was upraised, and his mighty form towered to its full height.

Then with a laugh he strode past us and out of the room.

"Great heavens!" cried Gilchrist, turning on me with feverish excitement. "The Song of Brynhild! I'll swear to God he's never heard it before in this life."

"Where's he gone now?" I queried with equal



phrase I was vaguely groping for all the time he was here."

"Sigurd Bolthorn," said Gilchrist musingly, his eyes on a distant vision. "Sigurd Bolthorn. A strange name for a cobbler—in an English country town."

\* \* \* \* \*

We saw Sigurd again the following afternoon. We called at his shop for a pair of boots he had been repairing for Gilchrist.

A young lady was also in the shop, evidently on a similar errand. Sigurd was tying up a parcel with lowered head.

Another glance and I had recognised and was shaking hands with Hilda Underwood, one of the daughters of Charles Underwood, who owned a carpet manufactory in the town. She had budded from a schoolgirl into womanhood with surprising rapidity.

I told her so, and got the pert retort that things were not at a standstill despite the tragic fact that I had left the town.

"You'll be telling me next that you're married," said I, laughingly.

"Well, I'm not—yet," she replied, and added with high spirit and a heightened colour, "but I'm going to be."

I saw Sigurd slowly lift his head and gaze at her, and there was something in his face which made me stumble over my congratulations.

"I hadn't heard the news," came Gilchrist's grave voice, "but I'm very glad."

"You couldn't very well have heard," she answered brightly. "It was settled only last night."

"Who is the lucky fellow?" I asked her, dragging my eyes from Sigurd with an effort. He was standing upright, his blue eyes wide open.

"Mr. Sinclair," said Hilda, turning, rather embarrassed, to take her parcel from Sigurd.

"The curate at St. John's," explained Gilchrist. "I think he came since your time."

Another moment, and with a gay invitation to me to visit at her home during my stay, Hilda had gone.

Sigurd was reaching some boots from a shelf with his back to us when I looked at him again.

"Did you see his face?" I asked Gilchrist as we walked away.

"Yes," he said.

"He didn't look blind then."

"No," said Gilchrist. "He didn't look blind then."

I turned to him.

"I have known for some time," he went on, "but she doesn't know, and I don't think Sigurd knew till this day. I saw him watching her once. In her childish innocence she has been in the

He was the son of Alfred Bolt-horn, the aged cobbler in the Bull Ring of Flaxminster.

His name was Sigurd, and every day, if you cared to look, you would see father and son working side by side at the last behind the window of the little shop.

That was in the days when I was still living in my native town.

Two or three years afterwards, when I was on a visit to my friend Gilchrist, the schoolmaster at the Church school, I was sorry to learn that old Alfred Bolt-horn was dead.

"He was a sage old philosopher," said Gilchrist, as we sat talking together after supper on the evening of my arrival, "one of the few interesting men left to this devitalised town. Many are the pleasant hours he and I have spent together in this room. I shall miss him."

Gilchrist, I may explain, is a bachelor and an oddity; an oddity, because he recognises no distinction of caste and is as much at home with a clergyman as with a cobbler, which is only another way of saying that he is a wise man and a sterling gentleman.

He is on the right side of fifty, clean-shaven and dark, with a student's face lined with thought and the glowing eyes of a visionary. Those eyes, so understanding, so afire with the brave belief of hope, make his years matter nothing. They make you think of the quenchless fire of youth.

Every grown man has a story, and perhaps some day I may tell you his. But this story has to deal with Sigurd, the son of Alfred Bolt-horn, the cobbler.

"Sigurd is coming to-night," said Gilchrist.

He comes to me two evenings a week as a friend and as a pupil. He has a passion for languages, French, German, Greek, Latin—he has gone as far with them as I can take him. Now he's on Gaelic and Norwegian. The ancient languages seem to have a strange fascination for him. It's queer. I am hardly right in calling him a pupil. It is more true to say we are fellow-workers."

"I shall be interested to see him again," said I. And I had scarcely given expression to this sentiment when Sigurd came.

He was little altered. His mighty frame was perhaps more closely knit at three-and-twenty than I had known it a year or two before. But there was no change in the slumbering peace of his face. He had fine features, and a head covered with thick hair. His neck was strong, and his poise magnificent. Yet there was something lacking in him.

With such a physique as that, one expected laughter, vitality, exuberance. But he was subdued, wrapped in a massive calm which was neither gloomy nor stupid but simply lethargic.

He greeted me with a "How do?" listened to our conversation for an hour without saying more than a dozen words, and left us.

"Did he resent my interfering with his lesson?" I asked Gilchrist.

"No; that's his way."

"He looks like a Viking," said I, at a venture.

The remark had a curious effect on Gilchrist. He leaned forward in his chair and concentrated his glowing eyes on mine.

"You're right," said he. "Do you believe in the theory of reincarnation?"

"I've heard of such things as reversion to types," I replied, "beings that are casts-back to former generations. In fact, I once met a woman in London, an Englishwoman, who was to my mind unquestionably an Assyrian."

"Exactly," said Gilchrist. "The difference is merely academic."

He sat back and relapsed into silence.

"You call him a Viking," said he, thoughtfully, after a while. "Yes. There is also something else he reminds me of. A statue—with blind eyes."

"By gad!" excitedly. "That's it. He's blind. There's a film over the eyes of his soul—the very



excitement. "He looked like a man going forth to battle."

"Come on," cried Gilchrist, and snatching up our hats we followed.

Away down the road Sigurd was marching, at a pace which forced us to run to catch him.

He was banging on the door of a house near the church as we drew level, panting.

"Sinclair's!" cried Gilchrist, and he pounced on Sigurd with both arms. "Sigurd!" he cried sharply.

Sigurd shook him off as a dog would a rat.

The door opened, showing the frightened face of a servant.

Sigurd swept past her, with us after him, and into a room where a young man in clerical garb looked up from an armchair by the fire.

At sight of the oncoming Sigurd he leaped to his feet, a tall athletic fellow with the light of instinctive defence in his face.

Sigurd's joyful laugh came again.

"You'll fight for her, then? Then the one who prevails shall take her."

"Whatever is the meaning of this?" demanded Sinclair, looking past him to us.

"Sigurd!" cried Gilchrist, with vain effort to exert his old command over him. "He's possessed," he said, warmly to Sinclair. "Have a care!"

But Sigurd had not paused. Even while Sinclair leaped back instinctively to escape the blow, he had dealt him a violent buffet across the cheek.

Reincarnated Norseman or no, I was proud of the mettle with which the Englishman retaliated.

He sprang forward with a driving left, and Sigurd laughed again, sending him staggering with a heave of his great shoulder.

Then, stepping forward, Sigurd twitched him round, seized him by the collar with one hand and by the bottom of the coat with the other, and turning him face upwards, he jerked Sinclair's knees into his face again and again.

"My God, he'll kill him!" shouted Gilchrist, and both of us flung ourselves upon the giant.

Sinclair was kicking like a caught rabbit, and cursing like a man.

Thrice Sigurd hurled us from him, and as we got to our feet the third time we saw him holding Sinclair above his head to throw.

"Oh Lord, help me!" called Sinclair in shrill agony.

"May the Allfather curse you if you do it," cried Gilchrist in a penetrating voice.

The words arrested Sigurd. His blazing eyes fell on the no less terrible ones of Gilchrist. Their light died away. As though touched by the finger of his god he shuddered violently, and lowered Sinclair gently to the floor.

Still shuddering, he raised himself upright, and, stumbling past us, he went out, into the night, into the world.

### WHAT IS "JUDGMENT-KICKING"?

"Judgment-kicking" is a branch of Rugby football tactics which is indigenous to Yorkshire, where it is considered preferable to the practice of dribbling.

It consists in kicking the ball with just enough force to send it between the kicker and the nearest player of the opposing team, and then in "following up" with all speed, so as to be upon it again, before it can be gathered by the other side.

Such tactics often pay in a match.

Another form of "judgment-kicking" consists in a long cross-kick to some fairly open part of the field, and again following up fast with the same object.

This stratagem is a very effective instance of the saying that "nothing succeeds like success"; for it takes an exceedingly able player to indulge in "judgment-kicking" with any measure of advantage.

By the way, the idea has something in common with a favourite "dodge" of W. G. Grace's at cricket. The great batsman used often to play a ball gently so that it rolled and stopped dead between the wickets. Then "W. G." would call for a short run, in most cases in safety.



## THE SPORTSMAN'S SCARS



*He jests at scars who never felt a wound.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Your good sportsman is proud of his scars. Just as the well-plucked schoolboy delights in showing you his bleeding knees or his missing tooth (which sounds rather Irish), so in congenial company and over a final whisky-and-soda and cigar will the grown sportsman tell you the story of that livid scar on his cheek, that gnarled and twisted finger, or why he walks with a decided limp.

I have a friend who would be an exceedingly good-looking man were it not that his nose is broken. He is a man-fond of ladies' society, and I dare say when he is shaving he sometimes regrets his marred looks, though, as a matter of fact, I believe his disfigurement secures him much sympathy from the fair sex.

But I am not sure that he really regrets his unshapely proboscis, for I have heard him relate with infinite gusto the story of that thrilling Inter-Hospital Cup-Tie, when playing half-back he went down to stop a forward rush and was picked up with his beauty spoilt for ever. He thoroughly enjoys recalling that eventful day, but it is only from his pals that you will learn that, broken nose and all, he went on playing till the call of time.

### HIS PASSPORT.

Anyway, my friend's broken nose and its story are a passport to the favour of all good sportsmen, and the sportsman's scars are, as a rule, honourable scars in which he may take a legitimate pride.

The hunting man does not usually carry his scars on his face. Broken limbs are more his portion than cuts, though I know one famous black-and-white artist who is proud of a deep scar just below his right eye. He was hunting with drag-hounds in Kent, and going across a hop-garden was caught by the wire between the hop-poles. Had the wire caught him half an inch higher up he would have lost his precious eye. Another hunting acquaintance of mine delights in asking you to feel the spot where they trepanned him, and yet another friend cherishes the broad, livid scar running down his cheek where a favourite mare kicked him, and all but kicked him into eternity.

The angler's scars are usually insignificant, and only an angler with a strong sense of humour will show you that scar on his ear where in his novice days he hooked himself, and they had to cut out the barb.

### THE DANCERS OF ANGLING.

I don't say that there is no danger in angling. The man who goes wading in deep waters and on a rocky bottom takes his life in his hands, and fishing may often call for high qualities of nerve and agility, but the angler does not usually come by scars, though I shall carry to my grave the mark on my hand where a conger bit me.

Turning to games, the cricketer usually carries his scars on his hands. Broken or split fingers,

lost nails, cracked palms, these are the ordinary scars of the cricketer, though, of course, he will often get a nasty crack on the head or other portion of his anatomy or else lose a tooth or two. I know one cricketer, a wicket-keeper, who has a scar just over his left eye where a flying bail struck and cut him, and another whose foot bears the marks of where he was accidentally spiked in a collision with the other batsman when attempting a short run. The cricketer, however, suffers most in his hands, and the hands of a first-class stumper are broken, twisted, and distorted in an almost incredible degree.

### THE FOOTBALLER'S MARKS.

In the old days torn and scarred ears were the mark of the Rugby forward, but now he wears an ear-cap, and escapes rather painful injury, and the modern footballer, be he "Rugger" or "Soccer" man, carries his scars mainly on his legs.

Both games are now played at such a tremendous pace that the men twisting, feinting, turning, and dodging at top speed are very liable to throw the delicate mechanism of the knee out of gear, and 75 per cent., I should say, of modern footballers turn out bandaged like any racehorse.

Of course, both "Rugger" and "Soccer" men get badly knocked or kicked about the head, while bruises, strains, sprains, and dislocations are "all in the game" for both of them. The pity is that many professional "Soccer" players bear dishonourable scars—dishonourable not to them but to their opponents.

The professional footballer's instep is often badly scarred, because a favourite dirty trick with the baser sort of player is to disable a dangerous opponent by stamping on his instep. A "corner," or any occasion when the players are crowded together, offers a favourable opportunity for this dastardly attack.

### FAIR FOOTER.

Amateurs, on the other hand, are often legitimately scarred on the outside and upper part of the arm, constant fair charging bruising the skin until it breaks and a permanent scar is left.

I am not sure that the cyclist carries any special scars, for when he comes a cropper he generally bruises himself all over. But there must be lots of men who bear to-day the scars of learning to ride the old high bicycle. You put your foot on a small step about a quarter of the way up the backbone, hopped along the road, and then at the right moment you sprang into the saddle. Anyway, that was what you were supposed to do, but what usually happened in practice was this—either you gave a half-hearted vault, your foot slipped on the step, against which you tore your shin to the bone, or you put too much enthusiasm into your spring and shot over the handle-bars. And then, even when safely mounted, a pebble was enough to send you describing weird evolutions in the air.

### CYCLING MISHAPS.

The modern racing cyclist, however, courts some serious risks, and many of the tribe are badly scarred where they pitched headlong on to the cinder or asphalt track and slithered along it.

The boxer is popularly supposed to court getting his nose broken or his teeth knocked down his throat. The latter accident happens with some frequency, but I should say that the former is a rare occurrence. The boxer's hands, however, are often badly disfigured, and a smashed thumb is frequently the righteous penalty for the unrighteous practice of boxing with the hand open, while the fair boxer will sometimes get a nasty cut from the open glove of the unfair fighter.

But the sportsman regards his scars with a certain self-satisfaction; they taught him to "grin and bear it"; they recall many an exciting moment by flood and field; painful at the time, they are pleasant to remember.

And often the sportsman bears the most honourable scars of all—the scars of the man who has fought and bled for his country.

J. G. HAYWARD.

# Whips and their Users

## AN ARTICLE FOR LOVERS OF HORSES AND THE ROAD.

A whip is a very ordinary, everyday thing, and yet, as with a straw, much may be augured from it. The way a man handles his whip is almost as good a test as the way he handles the ribbons.

Even the whip itself may come to be endowed with some of the peculiarities of its owner. Take Bill the Carter, his whip has seen its best days. So has Bill for that matter. The handle is worn and shabby, and the lash shows additions at odd intervals of still odder materials.

Bobbin knows that whip quite as well as his master.

It cracks, too, for all its age, quite as merrily now that Bill's bones crack in sympathy from rheumatism as when Bill first made his new lash sing in the spring morning, long ago, when he drove with a heart as light as the wild west wind that danced over the heath, and scattered the perfume of the wild thyme.

And it will serve his time, Bill says, as he leans it up in its accustomed corner when the day's work is done.

There is the whip that wild Tom Stokes curls round the glossy sides of the bay leader, when the madam bows down the village street scattering the children, the stray curs, and those feathered gipsies, the fowls.

Heavy and handsome the handle of that whip, for Tom sometimes finds it convenient to use that end instead of the lash—witness the day when he caught a tramp holding up a lady cyclist on a lonely road in the gathering dusk.

That whip became an heroic weapon in the hands of Tom Stokes.

A very different thing altogether is the dainty whip which that renowned lady's man, Sir Favourite Smiles, toys with. On the one occasion when his manhood rose superior to his languid look and grace, it was of no earthly service to him, and he had to resort to his bare fists with which to express his feelings.

THE DASSIE OF OFFICE.

There is the whip which is an emblem of office almost as important as that of the mace. This belongs to the family coachman, who bears himself with as much solemn dignity as if the weight of his master's ancient line lay on his broad, fat shoulders.

The lash of that whip lies like a caress on the shining backs of his pampered horses, their pace being regulated by his idea of the fitness of things.

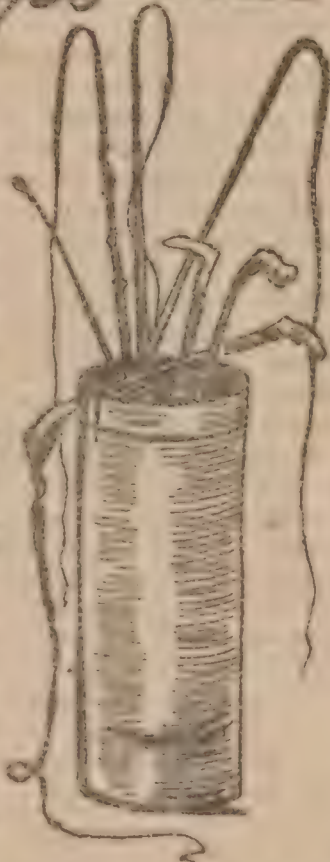
There is also the weapon of that mighty whip and all-round sportsman, the dashing Colonel, whose team of spanking greys make light of the road that stretches between the metropolis and London-by-the-Sea.

How many fair and frail beauties have watched the lash of that whip tickle the ears of the leaders or warm up the sluggish wheelers during those drives from their place of honour on the box seat!

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

There is the whip that hangs up in the snug little hostelry where Sam Potts spends the evening of a long and stirring life. It is as sacred a relic as the old broadsword, which an ancestor of his was used on a memorable field—the whip which was used by the last man who drove a public coach before railways spoil the road.

That whip had once lashed a nobler animal than the dumb brutes that drew the lumbering vehicle, when it sung round the ears of a comrade of Dick Turpin who would have held up the lead of frightened passengers, but for Sam's prompt action.



"Stirring times, gentlemen, stirring times!" says Sam Potts with a touch of regret in his thin old voice.

There is the 'bus-driver's whip, that more often than not shows the state of that individual's feelings towards mankind in general or one man in particular—witness the decorations that fly from it on divers occasions. The bit of crape may betoken a national calamity, or only the expression of some private grief, or again, it may be but an outward and visible sign of some secret masonry.

A blue ribbon may be a Tory favour or only another masonic indication. When the whip is in use it also at times makes curious gyrations and waves. At no time does it do very much execution, beyond flicking the sides of the 'bus to attract passengers at the different halting-places, or to imitate the sound of the bell by striking the tin advertisements.

Sometimes, however, it becomes an object of offence to the passenger who sits in front, for when the lash waves free it is apt to sting him playfully at unexpected moments. With the maliciousness of inanimate things, it seems to develop a grudge against some mortal, and pester him throughout the journey with unwelcome attentions, until at last the driver becomes conscious of its misdemeanours and puts a stop to it.

In the hands of an unskilful driver, however, a whip can be a most unpleasant companion to a long drive.

### AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.

There was Jones—he could not drive, but fortune, like the contrary jade she is, had given him the means to purchase a really handsome turn-out. You might go out with a most correct buttonhole, but before very long Jones and his whip had shed every petal.

Neaves is a man who is rather careful of his personal appearance. Jones took him for a drive the other day.

Neaves says that he is sure his term in purgatory will be a short one on account of that drive.

First Jones lifted Neaves's hat and deposited it in the dusty road, where a motor laid it out.

Then the lash of that whip wrested his eyeglass from its resting-place, afterwards getting hopelessly entangled in his watch-chain. Before Jones seemed to be able to get control of that whip, Neaves was a shorn lamb.

As an instrument of intentional punishment, there is nothing to compare with a horse-whip. There would be fewer blackguards in the world if they could make its close acquaintance.

B. D. WILSON.

### THE WINDY SEASON.

Though, no doubt, at the time when these lines appear in print, the coldest days of the winter will be over, still a particularly unwelcome season will be at hand. This is the season of the spring winds.

Then one's papers will fly gaily off one's desk whenever the office-door is opened, "lighting up" in the street will be an impossibility, and all styles of headgear, save caps and cloth hats, will have to be held on with tedious persistency.

And another consideration that is undoubtedly not regarded with sufficient seriousness by the average man is the danger he runs in windy weather of being struck by flying tiles.

A good thing to remember is, whenever possible, to discard the pavement and to walk in the middle of the street. The risk of being hit is thus minimised.

## MEN WHO SPOIL SPORT.

THEY ARE TO BE FOUND IN EVERY BRANCH OF ATHLETICS.

The bad loser, of course, spoils sport, but there is more than one kind of him; and perhaps the loser who whines is more objectionable than the chap who loses his temper and makes the air turn blue for miles around.

You know the sort of fellow I mean; you get five or six up on him at golf, or fifty ahead at billiards, and he throws up the sponge, drives with his niblick or slams the balls round anyhow, and effectually spoils your pleasure in the game because he has ceased to try. And all the time he is whining and moaning and bewailing his bad luck and generally behaving like a baby.

The man who shoots or rides "jealous," the "sharp" practitioner who keeps within the letter of the law but breaks its spirit, the boastful man who rubs your defeat into you, these are obvious examples of men who spoil sport, but there are others not so well known.

There is, for example, the hustler, who wants you to take your sport at break-neck speed. I don't mean the "thruster"—another spoil-sport, by the way—but the fellow who is always in a desperate hurry, and wants you to hurry also.

Then there is the good-natured duffer who forces his unwelcome company upon you. He is quite alive to his deficiencies, indeed, boasts of them. "You don't mind my coming in, you chaps, I'm no earthly, you know"; it never seems to strike him that there is not much fun in playing with a chap who is no good at all.

There is, too, the betting lunatic, who sees no pleasure in a game unless he stands to lose more than he can afford. He is a terrible nuisance, for as often as not he is highly excitable, and his "nerves" get on your nerves.

One of the worst spoil-sports, however, is the moneyed bounder, whose one idea is to buy success. By forcing up prices and senseless extravagances he spoils sport for the average man. He demoralises keepers, gillies, groundmen, and so on by absurd "tips"; bread and cheese and beer isn't good enough for him for lunch, he wants champagne and quails in aspic; over all his sport is the trail of the money serpent.

Very like him is the man who wants sport made easy. He wants to have a "sitter" every time. He is exercising a most baleful influence on sport and games. He is the sort of cuss who revels in a *battue*, or in hunting the carted deer. He wants his quarry practically captured before the chase begins. He cannot put up with a blank day; hunting, shooting, or fishing, everything must be made dead easy for him. And so, too, in games. Those golfers who are always devising new-fangled golf clubs are spoil-sports, for their one idea is to make the game easy, and if you deprive golf of its difficulty you rob it of 75 per cent. of its charm.

Cricket was nearly ruined by the spoil-sports who insisted on prepared pitches, which gave the bowler no real chance, while professional football is losing its popularity because spoil-sport directors literally buy success.

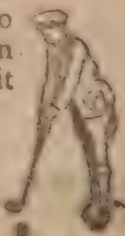
Take the recent Cup-Ties and the bribing of certain clubs to forego the advantage of playing at home. Mind you, it wasn't a case of some small club which had struggled into the first round, and had been drawn at home against a great team, giving up its rights on the fairly reasonable score of want of accommodation for a big match. No; we had first-class teams shamelessly bartering away the advantage of the draw, and if that is not spoiling sport, I don't know what is.

Then, of course, the bogus amateur is a most dangerous spoil-sport, and unfortunately he is on the increase.

There is, too, the "crack" who goes about seeking whom he may devour. His one idea is to win, and he makes certain of victory by always taking on hopelessly inferior players.

On the other hand, there is the duffer who won't accept a start. He insists on playing on level terms, and spoils sport because he makes it hopelessly one-sided.

R. WORTHINGTON.



# WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

## LII. THE THEATRE GALLERY.

One of the greatest characteristics on which the Briton prides himself is doggedness, willingness to bear quietly all manner of discomforts to attain the end upon which he has set his heart; and in a multiplicity of ways is this characteristic demonstrated, but by none, perhaps, more clearly than by the waiting crowds at the gallery entrances of theatres.

Take a look at one of these crowds. You will find them quiet, orderly beings, waiting soberly, patiently, and always good-humouredly, until the magic doors shall open and their evening's entertainment begin.

The majority of them are men. Of course, here and there you will find a sprinkling of women, but for the most part the patient waiters are bowlered or becaped representatives of the sterner sex, whiling away the time with a pipe or a cigarette, for they know that once inside they will have to eschew the fragrant weed.

The reason for the preponderance of men is, no doubt, that whereas they are not concerned as to what part of the house they themselves patronise so long as they get a good view of the stage, they nevertheless prefer, when escorting a girl to the play, to choose a part where a lesser degree of crushing will be the rule. More women are to be found in the pit queue.

### OLD TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Once upon a time the galleryite had the reputation of being a loud-voiced, rowdy person—in most cases innocent of collar or tie, and with a great partiality for the succulent orange; but, nowadays, unless, perhaps, at what is known as transpontine drama, this state of things has undergone a marked change.

The modern gallery patron is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a quietly but well-dressed man.

Though no doubt his income is of the slenderest proportions, he is nevertheless a cultured and discriminating playgoer. If he enjoys the dramatic fare set before him, he signifies his approval in the ordinary way with applause of varying warmth; but, if he is displeased, his chilling silence freezes the management's heartstrings.

The conventional gallery rough who indulges in loud booing is a thing of the past.

In the provinces, too, the gallery is very popular among enlightened men.

### A STUDENT AUDIENCE.

With the exception, perhaps, of Oxford and Cambridge, where much store is set upon traditions and the vanity which is known as "form," the Universities provide a considerable contingent of galleryites.

A notable instance is the University of Aberdeen, hundreds of whose alumni weekly patronise the galleries of the local playhouse, not, in many cases, because they cannot afford higher-priced seats, but because, with true Scottish common sense, they fail to see why they should pay a large sum to sit in the stalls when they can enjoy the play equally well in the gallery.

On a Saturday afternoon, if the play be a musical comedy, they practically monopolise the gallery, and the eyes of the fair maidens on the stage are, for the time being, more frequently



directed to these "gods" than to the more wealthy but less youthful patrons of the stalls and dress-circle.

On such occasions as these there is none of that rowdiness that might be expected when a number of full-blooded young men are gathered together.

Many of them have seen the play already during the course of the week, and are taking this economical opportunity of renewing a pleasant acquaintance with it. Others are seeing it for the first time, and they have come to appreciate and not to ridicule.

They are apt to join in the choruses boisterously, so boisterously, in fact, that the voice of the singer is entirely drowned; but no one objects to this, and cer-

tainly not the singer, who regards it as a very high compliment.

Between the acts the students at Scotch Universities are fond of singing the Psalms, the Old Hundredth being a particular favourite.

### EXERCISING THEIR LUNGS.

There is no conscious desire for worship in this singing, neither is there any intentional irreverence. The Psalms are chosen simply because, with the fine old tunes to which they are sung in Scotland, they form a rousing melody which can be joined in by everyone. If, perchance, you do not happen to know the words, you can shout inarticulately and swell the sound without perceptibly interfering with the meaning of the lines themselves.

There is a delicious informality about these gallery matinées which appeals not only to the residents of the town, but also to the actors and actresses themselves, and it is not unusual for the players to bedeck themselves, provided their costumes permit of it, with favours of the University colours.

### THE CRITIC.

The undergraduate type of playgoer, however, would certainly be regarded as a light-weight by those who take the drama seriously. In the gallery of any theatre, when a Shakespeare piece is on, you may talk with, and will probably be bored by, someone who has seen the chief part performed by many famous actors. He checks your pleasure not a little by the odious comparisons he is apt to cast between the past and the present, but nevertheless he is a refreshing character to meet, for one so seldom nowadays comes across a man who regards a theatre as anything more than a place of transient amusement.

But whether one takes the drama seriously or merely as a pleasurable means of passing an idle evening, it is a good thing that the gallery has become a place where you need not be ashamed to be seen, for thus has theatre-going been placed within the reach of many to whom it would otherwise be an injudicious extravagance.

PETER GILCHRIST.

"Of course," said the lady with the steel-bound glasses, "I expected to be called 'strong-minded' after making a speech three hours long in favour of our sex, but to have it misprinted into 'strong winded' was too, too much."

HUSBAND: "I pity the poor milkman this morning; he looks awfully discouraged since those inspectors were appointed."

WIFE: Yes; but the milk doesn't look half so blue."

## WELL MET.

### SOME FURTHER LEAGUE INCIDENTS.

In accordance with the promise I made some time ago, when I presented to your notice a number of incidents in connection with the League, I have now pleasure in giving you a further batch.

G. L. D., of Boston, Lincolnshire, says, in the course of a letter to me: "I will just tell you a little incident with reference to the League, which I feel sure will interest you."

"I came down here from London about a month ago to a fresh position, and, although some years ago it was my home, most of my old pals have left the town. I wrote to you for my League badge, and one night while I was at the skating rink, and when I was feeling a trifle blue, someone shouted: 'Hullo, MODERN MAN!'"

"Of course I looked round, and I found a chap smiling at me, and when I went up to him I discovered that he was one of us."

"We had a short conversation together, the result of it being that we have had several strolls, and last Sunday he called for me, and I went round to his digs and had a jolly afternoon, chatting over our pipes and cigarettes."

T. H. R. writes from Portsmouth:

"While I was working on the Election at Pompey and was standing in the lobby at Stanshaw School, some chap came in to go through to the hall. Suddenly, as he was about to pass, he stopped in front of me and held out his hand, and said: 'Well, how are you?'"

"I looked at him for a bit and said: 'I don't know who you are.' So he laughed and pointed to the lapel of my coat, where I had stuck my tie pin for safety. That did it."

"Anyhow we shook hands, and it was a proper handshake, not half a one. We had a chat and then parted, but as we are living in the same town we are bound to meet again sooner or later, and I hope it will be when my time is my own."

C. P., Manchester, says in the course of a letter:

"I am a commercial traveller in rather a small way of business, and I do not care to spend my evenings playing billiards, or other games where considerable expense is involved; and so I find myself of an evening very much at what you might call a loose end."

"Recently when I was in Northampton, and had finished my business for the day, I was walking up and down the main street to pass the time before turning in. It was a Saturday evening, and there were plenty of people about, but not very much wheeled traffic on the roadway. A light van came slowly down the street, and the driver looked very closely at me."

"I did not think anything more of it at the time, supposing that he had mistaken me for someone else, but half an hour later while I was still wandering aimlessly about, the same van came along on its return journey, and this time the driver pulled up."

"I say," he said, and when I turned round I saw he was looking at me. 'I thought I wasn't wrong,' he went on. 'You're wearing a MODERN MAN badge. How do?'"

"We shook hands, and that handshake seemed to make us fast friends. He was a smart young chap, and it turned out that he was the son of the tradesman to whom the van belonged."

"I was glad to have his company, and at his suggestion I got up beside him and he drove me round to the stables. I watched him unharness his horse and feed him, for I am interested in horses although I don't know much about them. During the evening he showed me some of the sights of the town, and afterwards we went to a music-hall together."

"I may say that I liked him so much that I have kept up a correspondence with him, and have promised to look him up when next business calls me to Northampton."

I shall be happy to receive from other readers similar instances of meetings with fellow-members of the League.

THE EDITOR.

# MY FRIEND AND I

A SKETCH.

By W. D.



He is the sort of chap you like at once.

Physically, when you come to consider him exactly, he is just fairly tall, with proportionate breadth, but he seems magnificent. He has no abnormal muscular development, but he has that indefinable quality which in the case of horses we describe as "blood."

You see it in his walk, and in all his movements—an absolute command of every muscle and every limb, combined with that grace which is usually found in high-bred animals, but seldom in men.

You get it in his face also. He is not exceptionally good-looking, if you consider his features one by one, but there is something clean about his expression, something that tells you right away that he is healthy—physically, morally, mentally—and you feel that it is good to be in his company.

That is only a rough sketch of the man—you would have to meet him to understand him properly—but it explains, perhaps, why everybody likes him.

They don't analyse their feelings about him as I am doing, and that is why they never get really close to him; it is this tendency to analysis which has enabled me to get him as my friend, though it is also responsible for the intense pain that I have suffered on his account.

We met for the first time when I joined the rifle club of which he was secretary.

The fact that he was secretary was quite in accordance with the character of the man; he was popular enough to secure any office he might care for, and he had that superfluous energy which made him a complete success in a post of this kind. He was keen on taking up new things, and he possessed the staying power to see them through.

If you know anything about men, you will understand why it was that all the members liked him.

He was so decent to me—kind, without being officious or making you feel too much obliged—that I liked him, I believed, even more than the others did, and I felt that he ought to like me more than he did them.

It is one of the strange facts about friendship that, if you give it in an intense degree, you feel that you have a right to expect it to be returned to you in similar fashion.

When I come to think of it, such an idea was nothing short of cheek on my part. So far as I had conceived an ideal of a man, he was it exactly, but I knew I myself fell very far short of that ideal, and if a man is conscious of his own shortcomings he may rest assured that other people are conscious of them also.

I had not the audacity to suppose that he was looking up to me as an ideal, for he had that quiet, understanding, and yet sympathetic look about him that told me he could size me up without being far in error; but I did earnestly hope that he liked me genuinely, and I was strengthened in this belief by the many kindly hints he offered me, and by the interest he took in my progress.

I did not know then that he took an equal interest in every new member. He wanted to find fresh blood, and to give every novice a chance, because he meant the club to be the best in the district; knowing nothing of his motives, I supposed that somehow he had got to like me.

There was a strange sort of tonic in this belief. It made me turn up every practice night, and it

gave me a human interest in the club, quite apart from the rifle-shooting.

I look back upon the first week of my membership with special pleasure. Whether owing to upbringing or my temperament, I had not hitherto taken much interest in sport, but now that I had got the love of it instilled into me I was hard bitten, for a new fancy catches a man very hard when he meets with it for the first time in the middle twenties.

He taught me how to shoot, and his knowledge of rifles was amazing.

He was one of the few amongst us who belonged to the Territorials, but he was careful not to rub that in; several of our members had

been refused admission to the force owing to trivial defects of eyesight, and, to spare them from any pangs of jealousy, he never by any chance turned up in uniform at a club practice. This is worth mentioning, as showing what a thorough gentleman he was.

I would have given the world to be like him, and it was because I felt that way that the blow hit me so hard.

This is how it fell.

Our club had challenged another to a match, and our committee had to select a team to meet our opponents. There were several crack shots whose claims for places in the team could not be disputed, but after their names had been put down, there still remained one vacancy.

Someone suggested me.

My heart thumped against my ribs. I had practised hard, and was a very passable shot. If the officials considered me good enough to fill the last place in the team, my cup of joy would be overflowing.

"I don't think we should have him," said the secretary, when my name was proposed. "Smith is better."

I could hardly believe my ears. The man I had supposed to be my friend was doing his best to blast my chances of attaining my ambition—and he succeeded. His opinion was enough to clinch the choice, and Smith was the man selected.

I was too sick with disappointment to tackle any supper that evening. I tried it, but it was no use, and after going out again for a walk—there was some consolation in motion—I went to bed.

They say that troubles hunt in couples. Next morning when I went down to breakfast I found a type-written letter from my employer, saying that my services would not be further required, as, owing to the amalgamation which had been arranged between his firm and another, his clerical staff would be dispensed with.

I had never heard of any negotiations about amalgamation, and I could not believe it, but when I went to the office I found it to be perfectly true. The cashier, who was the only one of our lot to be retained by the new trust, handed me my wages and extra money instead of notice, and told me I could have a testimonial if I wanted it.

It was a week later. My money was almost exhausted, and I had not found another job. I was sitting looking into the fire and thinking hard things of the employer who had given me such brief warning, when my landlady came in to say that a gentleman had called to see me. The name she gave me was that of our rifle club secretary.

He came into the room and I shook hands with him; I did it before I thought.

"I'm awfully sorry to hear the bad news," he said. "I'd have been round to see you long ago, but I heard of it only this afternoon."

"Thanks for your sympathy," I said, but there was no warmth in my thanks.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You're angry with me about something; surely it's not because I opposed your nomination for the team?"

"Never mind," I replied. "One has to go through lots of experiences like that to find out who are friends and who only talk friendship. I ought to have known you didn't care a curse for me. Why should you?"

His lower jaw fell in sheer surprise.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "you mustn't take offence at a thing like that. I was considering only the chances that we had of carrying off that cup, and as secretary I was doing my best for the club without thinking at all of friendship."

"It's all right," I assured him. "I'm not offended; I'm only glad to know. I was mistaken, and it has hurt a little, but that doesn't matter."

"My dear old chap!" he exclaimed, and he came over to the chair where I was sitting, and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Take your hand off me!" I said.

I shook my shoulder, but his hand remained there, and the fingers gripped.

"I won't," he said quietly. "I won't do it, because I like you. You're one of the best chaps I know, we're about the same age, and I want a pal. Will you have me?"

I should have liked to get up and hit him—and yet there was something about him that prevented me from hating him so much as that.

"I'm sorry," he went on, "damnably sorry if I've hurt your feelings, but I was working in what I believed to be the truest interests of sport, and I thought that you would understand. I'd have held my tongue if I'd known how you felt; I'd even have lied and said you were a better man in my opinion than Smith—and to lie means a lot to a chap. Say you forgive me."

There was a catch in his voice that broke up my resolution. I had been gazing blankly into the fire as I listened to him, but now I covered my face with my hands.

I don't quite remember what happened after that, but when I got command of myself again I found that he was looking at the photographs on my mantelpiece, so that I might not think he had seen me make a fool of myself.

He wheeled about as I rose, but said nothing.

He just held out his hand.

I took it and gripped it till I feared I should crack the bones of it.

There were three red weals—the marks of his fingers—on the back of my hand after he had gone.

The rest of our friendship is not very interesting, except to us, for there is now no doubt about it—we simply take it for granted.

He got me a job in the office where he worked, and I didn't even thank him for it—verbal thanking is superfluous when two men know one another as we do.

Recently, while we were working together on some special accounts that had to be got through at top speed, I became unwell and had to go home at three o'clock one afternoon. By the last post I had a note from him, saying I had better stay at home on the following day, and adding that he could get the work through in time by himself.

I felt better in the morning and turned up as usual. He had done all his own work, and had also done what was my task for that day. He must have taken the books home and sat up all night to do it, but again I didn't thank him—perhaps because I would willingly do the same for him.

He has his girl and I have mine, but there is nothing in our friendship to make either of us jealous of the other's sweetheart. The deep friendship of one man to another may, I think, be ranked as superior even to love, for there is no element of animal passion about it.

So far as I am concerned, this friendship has brought me miles nearer the Kingdom of Heaven, for it has made me charitable in my opinion of all men—they may, for all I know, be possessed of qualities equal to those of my friend.

# SAM OF SUNDERLAND....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

Association with certain young men of Ratterby's Iron Works brought me into contact with "Sunderland Sam," one of the strangest products of a hard world that it ever was my luck to encounter. I knew that even the foreman, a shrewd judge of mankind, could never precisely "place" Sam any more than we young fellows could (and because the eldest of us was quite twenty-one years old, of course we were far more knowing than the grey-headed foreman!).

In Ratterby's they did not ask many questions before taking a man on. So long as an engineer could do his work well, it mattered not to Ratterby Senior if he was "wanted" for murder. When the whistle blew to "knock off," a fellow could be any sort of character he liked until the calling bell rang out at 5.55 a.m. the next morning. Then he had to be an engineer, and a good one at that. Unless the police took him away, his money, according to his time-sheet, was always assured for him on Saturdays. When work was slack the incompetents went first. It did not matter to Ratterby if they led choirs or took Bible classes on Sunday. On the other hand, comparative ex-convicts who were really assets would be the last to be paid off.

In my opinion that was why "Sunderland Sam" always had "a regular job" at Ratterby's. Sam was always as nice to me—an outsider—as he was to anyone else (which is not saying much).

There were big men in Ratterby's yard—men who could fling most average Englishmen from one side of the yard to the other. But they never quarrelled with Sam very seriously.

"Wot's the use of arguin' with 'im?" the most massive of the labourers would observe. "'E's as big as a bloomin' 'ouse."

"And as strong as a dray 'orse."

"Yus—so wot's the use?"

There was no chance against Sam for the average man—or the average ox. Therefore the life he led at Ratterby's was peaceful. They tried none of the fool tricks common to big workshops upon him. The life he led outside the yard gates, however, was not peaceful. That he was a single man was wonderful to none of us, but, polite as he was to all and sundry, when not in his cups, you could never be sure that Sam's address one week would find him the next.

Often I met him on Saturday nights, looking spruce enough in his white collar, neat tie, and big American-tailored suit. But he would be carrying a small bag.

"Homeless again, mate," he'd say to me. "Got a drop or two aboard, and they say I started tellin' the landlord yarns. Got me marchin' orders next mornin'. I learnt Latin once (wouldn't think it to look at me, would ye?). *In vino veritas*—that means as you'd understand ut, 'when you've had a drop or two o' beer you speak the truth.' They don't like my truth, I'm told. They don't like ut."

"P'raps it's stranger than fiction," I would suggest.

"Ay, lad. P'raps ut is that!" (This in the tone of an injured archangel.)

His worldly belongings only comprising a general change and a silver toothpick, continual moving was not so much of an inconvenience to "Sunderland Sam" as it might have been to possessors of a more extensive wardrobe.

One memorable night, however, a great arm practically cracked my ribs.



It was Samuel. His bundle in hand as usual.

"I ha' been tryin' all over the town for lodgin's, lad," he observed mournfully. "It's on a doorstep I'll have to sleep this night. Back to Sunderland I must go. They come sorry short of understandin' ma temperament here, lad."

The great giant looked almost pitiful in his distress.

"That's all right," I said out of the kindness of my heart, for I knew him to be a man pedantic in the matter of his toilet. "I can fix you up at our place."

After one day's model behaviour, however, he fixed us up. The man who shared my rooms was in the drawing office at Ratterby's Works, was a clever man and a good fellow in his way, but too

prone to consider himself a cut above those in the yard who soiled their hands at their toil—which he certainly was not, for he earned no more money and had an expensive "appearance" to keep up. Yet, human nature being what it is, philosophers must admit that when a man in a collar learns how to reckon a man in dungarees at his proper value (and *vice versa*), then we shall be well on the way to an ideal existence beyond the dreams of any whole-hearted social reformer.

Sam got on his eternal Sunderland topic shortly after our late supper. I admitted I knew nothing of Sunderland. He was "up against" my friend and digs-chum, Grey, from the very first.

He led off with the observations that there were "no snobs in Sunderland," which immediately flicked the sensitive Grey on the raw, and his little neck very nearly jumped out of his high collar.

He observed *sotto voce* that this was what came of taking "bargees" into one's *ménage*, and went on to observe that one could always "stoop low and pick up nothing."

Sam followed this out literally. He picked the pompous little Grey from his chair and deposited him, kicking but unhurt, upon the sofa, where, at a warning glance from me, Grey tactfully desisted from further remarks.

I realised that Sam was in his cups, though I knew that he was not the man to show it amateurishly by plunging about and knocking over furniture.

"Ut's a funny thing," he had confided to me once, "but when I've had a drop of beer, you can always see it, because I do things neatly and exactly, laad."

Neatly and exactly! I looked at Sam when he had taken his seat after the complete rout of Grey. His "peg-top" trousers usually looked as if they had been slept in, or flung uncared for on the floor. Yet, had they boasted that faultless crease dear to Bond Street, he could not have been more particular in the manner in which he carefully stretched out each leg and hoisted each trouser-leg two inches or so, as if to prevent them bagging at the knees.

I knew for certain, now, that Sam was "*in vino*," as he would put it. I waited for its accompanying "*veritas*" rather curiously. I was then to see what had "given him his ticket" from other residences.

Sam pulled out his big jack-knife.

I moved my chair nearer the door. "With this yer sticker I did ut, laad," he began, hopefully, and becoming more mixed in his brogues as he went on. "This sticker that's been all over the darned world wi' me. Bought ut in Sunderland a' did; for two shillin' an' ninepence. We'd been shipwrecked, and were on a bloomin' raft I'd made out o' the remains o' the *Tynesider* that

went down in mid-Atlantic in the year, in the year, in the year —"

"Never mind the year," I interrupted him. "Go on."

He looked up rather surprised. From Grey on the couch came an audible groan of fear.

"Never mind t' year," Sam mumbled sleepily.

"Well, a' never thought when a' bought the knife that ut ud ever be put to such a use. Sharp ut was at the point, and keen, very keen. There wasn't anything to eat on the bloomin' raft, not so much as a biscuit. So in the evenin' I sharpened ma knife, laddie—a' sharpened ma knife!"

He flashed the knife about, so that the light glinted on the Sheffield steel. The crazy couch trembled to the emotions of Grey.

Sam rummaged around his waistcoat pocket, and produced a very dirty matchbox.

"A' had to hold a match sheltered in ma hand to see where to cut his throat. From this matchbox a' took the match, an' . . . an' a' raised ma knife, lad, like this, a' raised ma knife . . ."

"If I ge—get out of this alive," I heard Grey sobbing in a half whisper, "I won't stay here with a murderer! This is your friend, this is. Your recommendation!"

"Home! A' sent the knife home!" he mumbled. "Then a' drew ut right across his throat. Tekk! Laike that!"

He flashed the knife horizontally through the air, horrible to see.

"Speak a bit louder, man," I said.

"What! Art still here, lad?" he asked, looking up at me and rubbing his eyes. "Why, they usually go before this . . . and you're here!"

"Yes, Sam," I said, sternly (but seeing to it that I had a clear course for the door, I fear).

"Now whose throat did you cut?" I asked sepulchrally.

I waited for the revelation. Twice he started to speak. Twice the drink, which was getting hold of his tongue now, caused him to fail.

"T' pig's, laad," he said. "An' they called him Paddy, too! Grown a'most a pet, he had, aboard the *Tynesider*. An' 'twas only Sam the Engineer that lived to see old Sunderland again!"

## A HINT TO EMBRYO OARSMEN.

With the advent of Spring the more hardy oarsmen among us will probably hie them to the river; and their enthusiasm will equally probably convert a good many of their friends to the sport of rowing or sculling.

But as it is easy nowadays for the veriest novice to obtain a boat for an hour or so's spin without any question being made as to his efficiency as an oarsman, it may be of service here to warn the beginner of a great mistake which is common to most men who have not long taken up the sport.

When a tug passes you, causing a powerful wash, do not on any account obey your natural impulse to get as far away from it as possible, and so hug the bank. If you do this, you will probably be capsized, as the "swirl" is always strongest at the bank.

Ride easily in deep water—avoiding, of course, a too close proximity to the steamer's propellers—you will be perfectly safe.

## FRIENDLY AND HOSTILE CLOCKS.

Have you ever sat in an exam. room, feverishly conning over the most fiendish paper that ever malignant examiner devised, and from time to time glancing at the hands of the clock as they positively rushed on their way towards the dreaded time limit? You have? Then you have made the acquaintance of a hostile clock.

Such clocks exist also outside examination rooms.

Hostile clocks are in the majority, for if you are eager they lag, and if you dread anything they make all haste until the hour for it arrives; but now and again you meet a friendly clock.

One of these is the obliging timepiece which, when the opposing team at cricket are playing out time, delays so that you manage to "out" their last man just a minute or two before the time for drawing stumps.

# ON THE ROAD

## AN IMPRESSION OF SOME OF THE MEN ONE MEETS.

The road is like unto most roads, but to those of us who traverse it daily, on foot, on cycles, or on horseback, mayhap it is more than a mere stone-foundationed surface constructed for the passing to and fro of man upon his lawful occasions.

The little churches that we view upon the sky-line, the fringed woodlands stretched out in the dim grey that our watching eyes search, the fields on either side of the road—to the casual traveller they would be merely churches or woodlands or fields. To us men of the road they are friends—very old friends—in whom we place our trust, friends that it does us good to see ever the same when all the world is changing, and with it our world's opinion of us.

There is Dickie the drover—philosophical man—whom I meet at all points of the main road, doing all kinds of things in his line.

Sometimes his knotted ash plant is prodding into cows that have become too thoughtful along the road; sometimes his seamy-sleeved arms are gesticulating at intensely nervous sheep; sometimes they are pigs he has to drive to market. Then it is a very bad-tempered Dickie the drover, and he is far too worried to take any notice of a fellow traveller.

At other times he is not averse from treating me to scraps of conversation between the road and the gesticulations.

There is not a wealth of variety in his observations upon beasts and things. Only the recording of how many times he has retailed to me the stock yarn of a misty morning, when the sheep he was to pilot to a field, five miles distant, were alleged to comprise one hundred and four Southdowns. Upon carefully counting them he made them one hundred and three as he passed through the slightly-opened gate of the pasture! The exclamation mark is, relatively, Dickie's, not mine.

THE MEAN-POINTING FINISH.

When I first heard the story I waited for some harvellous denouement—a faithful sheep escaped at the crossways and returned to its old shepherd, or something of that sort.

After a pause for effect Dickie told me, amid wacks on the back of a preoccupied bullock, that the hundred and fourth sheep was discovered dead in a pen in the home field—after Dickie had spent three restless nights wondering where he could have let it slip.

"Ah, and it worried me, I tell ye," said Dickie. "I hain't lost a single sheep in m'life, I hain't."

There was much pride in that last sentence. When referring to human lives, I have heard captains of floating palaces of the sea speak with less depth of feeling.

Dickie is, in his way, something of a snob. He never returns the cringing salutation of Pennyquick, the watercress merchant, whom he considers utterly beneath his notice. I almost fear he classes Pennyquick with poets, because Pennyquick spends his time by brooks that go on for ever.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

On the other hand, I always find the little watercress merchant an entertaining companion on the main road that leads to the distant town. Pennyquick's barrow is a tangible tribute to the genius of Pennyquick. It is a sugar-box fixed on the creaking wheels that were once attached to the vehicle which held the heirs to his business.

I have never yet met him except on his "bad days," so that I begin to believe that I am just the reverse of his mascot.

Unlike those of Dickie the drover, his remarks are not without variation, but they are based upon one thing, and one has only to eliminate the



crumbs of an ingenious imagination to come to the currant of fact.

"At six this mornin'," says the watercress merchant, "I was up and about. All day have I been lookin' for 'cress, sir, and this—this is what I've got! Wouldn't fetch a penny the lot, and I've got six little children at home that'll have nothin' to bite at to-night."

### FORGETFULNESS.

When I first heard that story, I shamefacedly extracted a shilling from my pocket, regretting that I could spare no more. It was only twopence per child, as Pennyquick mournfully pointed out. Yet I only present him with one penny nowadays, for each new phase of his little well-worn "plot." It fell to that when on three different occasions he mentioned the number of his family as ten, five, and seven respectively. Besides, when the blustering wind blew the sacking off the other end of the barrow one day, what a lot of watercress reposed here, looking so fresh in its verdancy! But it is the old gentleman in the faded-cushioned dog-cart who is my cheeriest friend.

"Might as well drive as walk, lad!" he calls out when he overtakes me. "Hop up, quick! Lordy, you young 'uns are slow to what we were in my day! A little forrader, so we doan't hang. Even the mare ain't so young as she was. (Are ye, m' booty?)"

"Yes, I be goan to market. Not that there'll be a sight to be earned, I suppose. Danged hard to get hold of a pound or two these days. (Steady there, booty!) She can't abear as much as a sparrer flyin' out of a hedge, she can't. But it's pretendin' to my mind, pure pretendin'. Sort o' tryin' to make believe as she's still young, y' know."

### A DAPPER TURNOUT.

"Ah, we all do that when we begin to get on in years. Time was, when in my vanity even I—Ah, but at fifty I never looked a day more nor forty-one or two, so pardonable it was—pardonable surely! Yet she would ha' none o' me, and I'm a widower still, ye know. When I'm past it there'll be no son to see to things and ride round the farm. No son!"

We drive along in silence until there flashes past us a dandy turnout of the American buggy style. A man in a French-grey waistcoat, pale blue stock, grey shaped coat, and a wondrous bowler, has the reins wound round his yellow-gloved hands.

He gives us a sort of quick flicker of his eyelids as salutation.

"Marnen', young George!" my old friend calls out cheerily; and with a rather sad smile he watches the hind wheels of the buggy disappear round a bend, for this is a noteworthy young man who thus drives in extravagant state along the main road.

"Know'd his father well," my ancient companion ruminates. "Dead this six months, now. Ye mind him?"

I nod my head. Who does not "mind" the stern, blustering, yet kind-hearted-to-his-own man of that old school that made England what she was? Who has not heard the hundred and one harsh stories that are told against the fierce old gentleman who passes by the familiar mile stones of the road no more?

It was he who broke his whip across the back of the argumentative schoolmaster, and then told him to take out a summons for assault, and be damned. He could pay!

He was notorious, too, for his threat to buy the innkeeper out of house and home because his wife, upon washing days, hung her linen so near to the road that old George's horse objected to passing it!

### THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

For all that there was not a meaner-looking old market cart on the road than that driven by old George.

"Died worth twenty thousand pounds," says my companion, "and kept one servant up at the great old hall at ten pound a year to do the rough work. Lordy, I remember the night he 'went out.' I said then 'When young George gets it you'll see it fly!' I said. And it's flyin'! There's some race parties up at the old hall, now, such as it hain't seen for many a year. Parties an' races, an women, an' London, an' Hell! That's young George's round. I said that night an hour after his old father was gone"—my driver is mumbling half to himself now—"I said 'I'll give young George a twelvemonth.'"

"What for?" I ask.

"To live!" he answers me sadly. "Ye marked his skin, his drink-drowned eyes?"

And thus, because Nature does not allow us to burn the candle at both ends, it seems only too likely that soon there will be one traveller—a traveller in a French-grey waistcoat and yellow gloves—the less on the main road.

E. G. PEEKE.

### PUBLIC-HOUSE DECEPTIONS.

Close beside one of our most famous suburban racecourses there is an hotel which does an enormous trade on race days.

At such a time it is the landlord's custom to engage an extra assistant, and in this connection there happened recently rather an amusing thing.

A racegoer came in and ordered a brandy-and-soda. The inexperienced helper supplied him with it, and the customer tasted it, sipped it, and finished it without very much relish.

Soon afterwards two others came in and also ordered brandies-and-sodas.

They were not so easily pleased, and insisted that the helper should fetch the landlord. When the latter arrived on the scene the customers asked him what in the world he was selling as brandy.

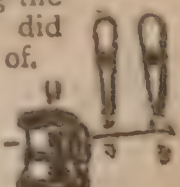
He told them it was the best he could buy, and then suddenly a horrible idea struck him.

"Which bottle did you take this out of?" he asked the helper. "I didn't take it out of a bottle," replied the latter; "I took it out of that big glass jar labelled 'Brandy.'"

The landlord's action was very quick. He snatched up the glasses, tipped their contents into the sink, and re-supplied the customers. This time they were perfectly satisfied.

And the explanation of it all was this. On race days there come to that hotel many old friends of the house, and they insist on the landlord having more drinks than would be good for him.

To avoid becoming intoxicated, and also to avoid offending his customers by refusing to take refreshment, he has made up what is called in the trade a "bogey drink." That is to say, he has filled a brandy urn with nothing more deadly than cold tea, and it was this cold tea, mingled with soda, that the helper had been selling during the afternoon as brandy. Probably that helper did more in the cause of temperance than he wot of.



## LONDON LIFE.

## WHAT IT REALLY MEANS.

"Lucky chap, you live in London," is the sort of thing one sometimes hears said in envious tones by the country-dweller.

He longs for the life and gaiety, the lights and the bustle of London. Even the district messenger-boy whose pluck and sense of duty after a street accident recently led to his being nursed back to health at the country mansion of a leading peer, longed for the lights of London and a sight of a policeman.

The call of the town is a reality without a doubt, but only too often those who hear it have no conception what London life really means. The messenger-boy who is employed chiefly in the West-End may perhaps see something of it as it appears in the books and stories which are responsible for so many false impressions, but to the vast majority of the millions who dwell in and around the metropolis London life is a very different thing.

The lights and the bustle of Piccadilly and theatre-land are seen by them no more often than by the countryman who visits London occasionally. When their day's work is ended they pour in thousands across the bridges to the great railway termini that lie south of the river, or they disperse by tram or bus or train to the suburbs where they live, only too glad, in most cases, to shake the dust of the real London from their feet.

To a woman London life may mean more. She can spend her afternoons "shopping" or at matinees, provided she has the money for these expensive pastimes, but the man who has to earn the money lives a very different life.

His day is an uneventful one—as uneventful as that of most country readers and more so. He tumbles out of bed in the morning, dresses in record time, bolts his breakfast, and dashes off for his train.

He has no incentive, like the country dweller, to rise early and take a walk or revel in the open air. The surroundings of his home are dull and grey, and he has not the open country at his doors. Only in his week-ends is he able to get away from the eternal rows of houses and to breathe.

Arrived in the City or wherever his place of business may be, he finds, it is true, the life and bustle of London around him as he covers the short distance between the station and the office. But the streets and buildings are eternally the same; even the changing crowd has a sameness about it; many of the faces are familiar, but almost all seem to belong to a type whose similarity extends even to their clothes.

The very shops and "sights" that are so attractive to the stranger the Londoner gets to know by heart, and they cease to interest him. There is none of the change that one finds in Nature; even the sky is the same leaden hue—what one can see of it.

And then in the evening he runs across from his office to Cannon Street or Liverpool Street, or dives down into the bowels of the earth and forces his way into a railway carriage that already contains about twice as many people as it was built for, and he finds his way home, leaving all the joys of London life that the countryman longs for to be enjoyed by the countryman, and by the wealthy few who, since they have not to work hard all the day, have time and energy for such amusements in the evening. And they can exchange London for country life when they are tired of it.

London life from the man's point of view is often lived largely under ground or high above it, and to many a Londoner Piccadilly Circus is merely a little station many feet below the earth's surface that he passes through twice a day.

True, the so-called pleasures of London life are available for the Londoner when he has the time or money to enjoy them, but more often, when he has a few hours of leisure, his first anxiety is to get as far away from London as he can.

JOHN GERVAISE.

## MY NOTEBOOK.

## THE LEAGUE.

I think that they should be of particular interest to League members.

This organisation has been founded with the one purpose of encouraging good-fellowship and sportsmanship, and with this object in view I endeavoured to establish some means of introduction between my various readers.

I do not profess to be able to explain why it is, but there are some men whom you dislike and whom no sort of introduction will bring you to be more than necessarily polite to. On the other hand, you may from time to time meet men whom you instinctively feel to be kindred spirits.

They may or may not be of the same class as yourself, and they may not even be interested in the same pursuits, but there is a bond of sympathy that tells you at once that here is a man whom you would give very much to know.

## GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER.

In the ordinary way, if you spoke to him and introduced yourself, you would be mistaken for a sharper of some type or another; but it is a very different matter when you find that he is a member of the same great club as yourself.

That the M.M. League is now one of the greatest clubs in the country is a fact. Its membership already exceeds ten thousand, and the members live in all parts of the kingdom.

If you are a member of the League you will find a fellow-member in practically any town or village that you may have occasion to visit. But the fact that you have a right to speak to him without an introduction is perhaps a minor point. The great thing is that, being a member of this League, you know that he is a thorough good chap—not a prig, not a goody-goody, not a débauché, but a sportsman at heart, even if circumstances have been against his becoming a sportsman in actuality.

He is this because men of the other type cannot tolerate this paper at any price, and would not dream of joining any organisation founded by it.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPORTSMANSHIP.

The circulation of this paper is rapidly increasing, and, apart from my own financial interest in its success, I am glad that it is so, for, without vanity, I think I may say that it is the first publication that has ever attempted to cater for the needs of sportsmen irrespective of social class. It is the first paper that has brought to actual realisation the fact which has been driven home to all who have actively engaged in sport—namely, that a man can be a thorough sportsman whether he be a peer's son or a pedlar's.

And its success and growth proves that the spirit dominating it is spreading.

I have, I fear, on several occasions used the word "sportsman" where I ought strictly to have used the word "man," but to my mind the two terms are practically synonymous, because my conception of a sportsman is not necessarily the man who is successful in games and athletics, but one who is kindly disposed to others, who can take the rough with the smooth, who can bear a blow in fact or a blow of fate without wincing, and one who takes a sympathetic and tolerant view of the likes and dislikes of other people.

It is of such men that the League consists, and it is a great pleasure to me to enrol additional members of the same type, for the more we can increase our membership, the more we can do for true sportsmanship.

## WHAT DO READERS LIKE?

One of the great difficulties which an Editor has to face is that of knowing exactly the features that please his readers.

I well remember that when I started the series of stories which were printed under the general title

of "Richard Selby, Englishman," I did not receive what I considered to be a sufficient number of congratulatory messages concerning them. The idea of the stories was my own, and I selected Mr. Stern as the most suitable man to write them. He and I discussed at great length all the stories that appeared under this heading, and, therefore, you can understand that I took a special interest in their success.

I certainly received many kindly messages concerning these stories, but I also met several people who said that they were getting tired of seeing every week the heading, "Richard Selby, Englishman." In every case an inquiry elicited the fact that they were not in the habit of reading the stories at all.

It has always been my aim and object in conducting this paper to run it so that no reader willingly misses any single column, far less a page. My task has not been an easy one, but I believe that I have been working on the right lines, for, whereas the average weekly paper has perhaps only one article that really interests a man, I pride myself on the fact that my readers find every item and every paragraph to be worth the trouble of reading.

## THE PURPOSE OF A SERIES.

In running a series of stories there is a business purpose. If once you secure the interest of your readers in a series, you make certain that they will take the paper in regularly, and not merely from time to time.

Thus you build up a definite and steady circulation and make what would otherwise be a merely passing trade a constant one.

That is the advantage of running a good series, but the disadvantage is that if a reader is not interested in the series the space devoted to it each week is to him merely wasted space, and, as we have only twenty-four pages in this paper, I do not want any of the space at my disposal to be unacceptable to you.

During the run of "Richard Selby, Englishman," I never received more congratulations than four or five in a day, which is a very small number considering the circulation of this paper, but when I temporarily closed down that series, I received so many protests that I saw it had been more popular than I had ever supposed.

## PROTESTS THAT COME TOO LATE.

It would appear that the average reader enjoys the fare provided for him without commenting upon it, but when he finds it taken away from him he is loud in his protests. It is this that makes the task of an Editor so difficult.

If I had known that "Richard Selby, Englishman," was so popular, I should not have closed the series down so soon, although it ran for almost a year, but once having closed it down, it is impossible for me to revive it for some little time. In running a paper one must look a long way ahead, and before you close one series you have contracted for another.

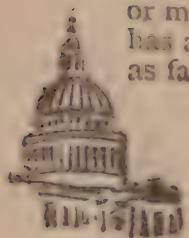
The "King of Knives" is rapidly coming to a finish, and in its place I shall print a series which, I think, is one of the best I have yet published. When this series has come to a conclusion I shall print a few more dealing with "Richard Selby, Englishman."

## YOUR OPINION INVITED.

I am telling you this, however, by the way. What I want to emphasise is the need for you to let me know what you like in the paper, and what you don't. In the case of a series, whether it consists of stories or of articles, I can readily have it prolonged or curtailed according to whether it is acceptable to you or the reviewer. If you are particularly keen on any series, I wish you would drop me a postcard some time when you have an idle moment.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



## THE "SPRING HANDICAPS."

WHY SOME THOUSANDS OF SPORTSMEN ARE BRIGHTENING UP JUST NOW.

At about the time this article is in the hands of its readers an event will have occurred of great moment to the many thousands of loyal subjects in the United Kingdom who bow the knee to the sport of kings.

The entries and the weights and the acceptances for the spring handicaps will have been published.

Great Scott! It only seems yesterday that amid the grimy murk and mist of a November evening, last season's flat-racing came to a conclusion on the November Handicap day at Manchester. And now the sound of the starting-bell on the Lincoln Carholme is all but upon us.

There are very few Englishmen, even among those who have never been on a racecourse in their lives, who have not to confess to a greater or lesser degree of interest in horse-racing. I do not mean for the sake of betting, for to con- found the sport of horse-racing with the game of betting is entirely to misinterpret the sporting spirit of racing. Strange as it may seem, perhaps, to some lay readers, there are thousands of enthusiastic race-goers who attend race-meetings solely for the excitement of seeing the horses run, and who do not—in many cases for the best of reasons—necessity—back their fancy.

So that in thousands of places throughout the country where men are wont to foregather for the purpose of spending congenial hours the spring handicaps are for a time the topic of the day.

In cosy village inns they will crop up; and, standing before a well-fed fire, the jolly and thumb-marked landlord picks up a generously and weights again.

Murmurs go up from the assembled sports- men of all ages—from the greybeard to the youngster who is only just beginning to be admitted to the select circle—when the Boniface comes to the name of a likely horse; and interest- ing discussions arise as to whether, on his last year's form, So-and-so is better let in at 7st 6lb than Such-and-such at 8st 4lb.

Hundreds of thousands of bachelor diggings parties of friends sit together and over glowing briars the chances of the candidates for the "Lincoln" and "National"; and the faces of the hosts beam with satisfac- tion at the success of their little social evening; conversation is bright and interesting, and conducted in the friendliest spirit imaginable. To range to say, the "points" of horses and their chances in races form a subject which is productive of the least number of acrimonious arguments.

In my mind's eye, as I write these lines, I can see a cosy billiard-room to which my friends are wont to resort, and where the air is full of the click of ivory balls and the genial hum of conversation.

In my mind's ear—if one can say "mind's eye," why not mind's ear?—I can hear the conversation that is going on.

Jackson, with his rather voluminous corporation pressed down on the table and his right foot swinging in air, is attempting a straight cannon, for which he really out to use the rest; and Corrigan is chalking his cue and waiting for the other to miss the stroke.

"I see the—puff—weights are out for the Lincoln," says Jackson. "I—hah—rather fancy Banny Rabbit, if he shows anything like his last year's form." He misses the stroke, and Corrigan goes to the table. He gets the balls well in hand and starts on a promising break.

"Yes," he says; "he has a chance, but per- haps I shall reserve my decision until I know what young Wootton's riding. You know my keenness on the jockey's mount system."

And so on, *ad infinitum*. The acceptances for the spring handicaps have once more roused thousands of sportsmen from their winter lethargy.

R. J. GRIERSON.



## THE CHOICE.

The wife of William, the young blacksmith, had recently presented him with a son, and William was walking about the village with a self-satisfied, conceited sort of air, as if any part of the credit had devolved on him.

The vicar happened to meet him, and stopped to congratulate him.

"And what are you thinking of calling the little stranger?" he asked.

"Cicero," replied William definitely.

"It is marvellous," said the vicar, "what education has done to interest the working-people in the classics!"

"That is a fact, sir," said William.

"The change cannot be without its many advantages," said the vicar. "A knowledge of the classics undoubtedly tends to an appreciation of the arts, and is an incentive to all forms of refinement."

"Yes, sir," said William.

"And Cicero," continued the vicar, was, perhaps, the greatest orator that ever lived."

"I don't know about that," replied William, "but Cicero was a great 'orse. I won £5 over him just before I married Mary."

The boy had just returned from his first day's work in the City.

"I saved five pounds to-day, mother," said he.

"Oh, I'm so glad; how did you manage it?"

"Why, in the railway carriage it said: 'Anyone pulling the communication-cord without proper cause will be fined five pounds,' so I didn't pull it."

## NOTEWORTHY.

Mr. Pattle arrived at the door of his house a good deal after midnight.

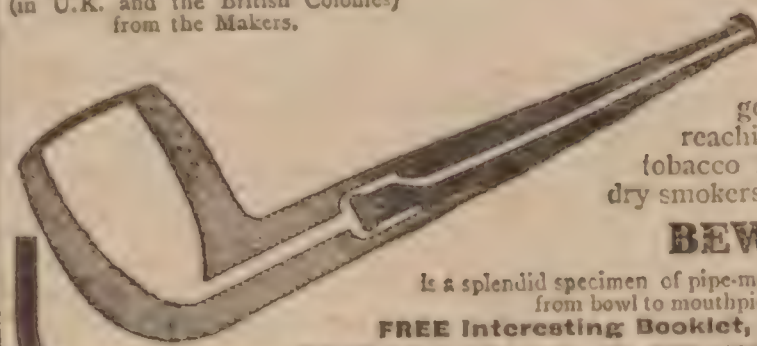
Eventually he got tired trying to find the key- hole with his latchkey, and he sat down con- tentedly and deliberately upon the doorstep.

Immediately there floated out upon the cold night air strains of music that set his heart awlirl.

Rapturously he sat listening, and when the local

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policeman came along, he invited him to listen, too. "It's wonderful how they have improved those talking-machines," he said. "Just hark to that. It must be Melba's latest Reverie in F that I saw advertised in the 'Daily Mail.' It's beautiful! beautiful!"

But the policeman, though, perhaps, less suscep- tible to the charms of music, had a keener percep- tion of fact.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir," he said, "but one of my duties is to prevent cruelty to animals. It ain't no talking-machine you're listening to. You're sitting on the cat."

"But, my lord, 'e said it was 'im what stole the 'orse."

"What were his exact words? Did he say, 'I stole the horse'?"

"Oh, no my lord! Your lordship's name was never mentioned!"

## SILENCED.

The young man had come down to spend a week-end at the farm.

There were one or two little things that con- trasted rather unpleasantly with the comforts he had enjoyed in town, but he managed to get along fairly well until dinner-time.

The *pièce de resistance* was a leg of mutton, and the young man wondered what its late owner had died of, or whether he had been the cause of the farmer's slaying an ancient and valued pet. He also thought that it would be economical to cut up some of the mutton he would certainly leave on his plate and to make rubber heels of it.

He chewed at it manfully, but at length he lost patience.

"Mrs. Giles," he said, "if I may say so, this is hardly the sort of mutton to which I have been accustomed."

Mrs. Giles swallowed what was in her mouth, wiped her lips with the corner of her apron, and said:

"I dare say not, sir. You see, we always buy the very best."

And the young man had no more faults to find during his sojourn there.

## THE SPORTING TIMES

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# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

## A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

## STYLE IN RUNNING.

Many would-be long-distance champions do not pay sufficient attention to style. There is a great art in carrying the body well, and running is largely a matter of balance. You want to save all the energy you can.

A high action may look prettier from the spectators' point of view, but you would not choose a high-stepping, showy horse if you were setting out for a hundred-mile ride.

The man who can keep up a long, even stride without lifting his feet higher than necessary will avoid jarring his muscles and fatiguing his body unnecessarily.

The head and body should be carried slightly forward, so that the legs and arms seem to be forced forward in order to maintain the balance and support the body.

With the sprinter it is different. He depends more on the muscles of his legs, and less on his balance, and carries his body further back.

## MASSAGING YOURSELF.

I have referred before to the value of massage in keeping the muscles fit, and to the possibility of practising it on yourself.

Here is another massage exercise which will be extremely beneficial to the triceps muscles of the upper arms.

The fingers should be used for massage, and you should rub harder on the upward movements of the hand towards the shoulders than when rubbing downwards towards the elbow. The strongest pressure in all massage should be towards the heart.



For the triceps.

In this exercise place the right hand on the left triceps as shown in the sketch and massage as I have suggested, but at the same time turn the wrist round gradually as far as the position illustrated and then back again, so that every part of the large triceps muscle is massaged.

You should first contract the muscles of the arm which you are massaging and then relax them, so that they are rubbed when in both conditions.

A minute or so of this exercise applied to each arm every morning and evening will have a great effect.

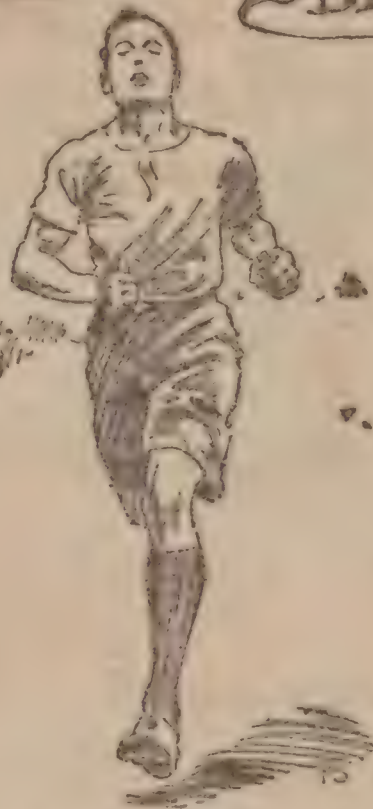
Do not apply massage with cold hands, and, if possible, use a good embrocation or oil at the same time.

In case of stiffness, strains, or sprains, there is, of course, no remedy so good as massage, with the aid of a little lubricant to enable the hand to move easily over the skin.

## A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

Several correspondents ask for a recipe for obtaining a clear complexion. Unfortunately there is no infallible means of obtaining this very desirable thing, for it is in most cases a gift of Nature.

Some men have much more



open pores than others and to keep their skin perfectly clear is a matter of great difficulty.

Frequent baths or at least regular washing of the face—and that in as hot water as possible—are the first requisites.

After washing it is useless to dab the skin with a soft towel. Take a good rough, clean bath-towel and rub hard until the face is dry.

Steaming the skin by holding the face over a basin of boiling water and placing a towel over the head is often an effective means of opening the pores and cleansing the skin, and a little, gentle massage after washing will often prove efficacious in removing blackheads and small blemishes, an operation for which a magnifying mirror will prove of the greatest service.

Salt water, or especially sea-salt dissolved in water, will be found very beneficial for producing a good condition of the skin.

Good soap and hard rubbing, however, are the two most important things, and it is impossible to indulge too much in either.

## AN EXERCISE FOR MANY MUSCLES.

Stand erect with the feet about a yard apart and the arms by the sides.

Place the left hand on the hip and bend down as shown in the sketch, doubling the right leg and raising the right heel from the ground, but keeping the inner side of the left foot on the floor.

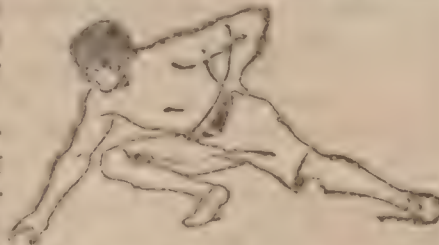
Straighten the left leg and extend the right arm so as to touch the floor as far as possible to your right.

Then rise slowly to the starting position and repeat the process, placing the right arm on the hip and bending down towards the left.

You will need to concentrate your whole attention on the exercise, and unless your joints are supple and your muscles in good condition, you may find some difficulty in accomplishing the feat.

The muscles chiefly exercised will be those of the leg that is bent, but the muscles at the side of the back, and under the hand that is at rest, will also benefit.

Make a point, as you bend down, of looking at the extended hand, and in this way you will find that the exercise will also tell on the development of the neck.



A novel stretching exercise.

## PUTTING ON WEIGHT.

Most men, especially when getting on a bit in years, want to reduce and not to increase their weight. There are men, however, who, for one reason or another, are much below the average weight for their height, and to whom additional avoirdupois would be an advantage.

Such men may be—indeed, generally are—quite healthy, but they have no physical reserve to draw upon in time of stress, and increased poundage, so long as it is not mere fat, would benefit them.

The principles of putting on weight are precisely the same as those of taking it off—namely, diet and exercise. But whereas the man who is seeking to reduce himself wants hard, continuous wearing exercise, the lean man should take his exercise in short, sharp bouts, and not too much of it. Then the fat man should eat sparingly and

avoid flesh-forming and starchy foods, while on the other hand the "lean kine" need a large though plain, diet, with plenty of soup and cocoa.

Most important of all, the thin man wants plenty of liquid, not liquor, though good soups, wine or ale (not spirits) will do him no harm. Water, however, is the best "tippie" for him, and he should accustom himself to drink two pints of water a day. But the water should not be taken in greater quantities than a wineglassful at a time and it should be sipped, not swallowed at a gulp.

Oil is very fattening, and may be taken copiously with salads, or if you don't like the taste, it may be well rubbed into the body. Men are usually "well covered" people, and this is undoubtedly due to the large quantities of oil they consume in one way or another.

Moderate exercise, plenty to eat, sipping water, and oil are the secrets of putting on weight.

## A GOOD TEST FOR THE ARMS.

For this exercise you will need an ordinary bent-wood chair of the pattern depicted. The weight, and therefore the difficulty of the test, will largely depend on whether the chair is cane- or wood-seated, but for a strong man it should be possible in either case.

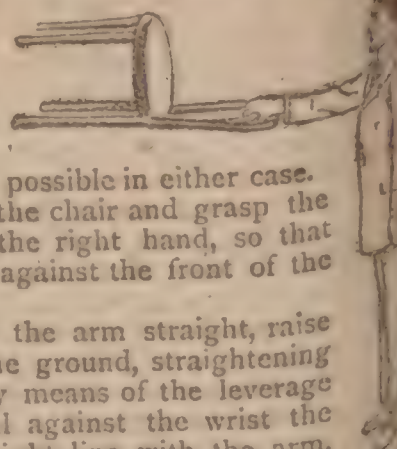
Stand behind the chair and grasp the lower rail with the right hand, so that the upper rail is against the front of the wrist.

Now, keeping the arm straight, raise the chair from the ground, straightening the wrist until by means of the leverage of the upper rail against the wrist the chair is in a straight line with the arm, when you begin to raise it in front of you until it is held out as shown in the sketch.

It may look easy, but as a matter of fact it takes more than average strength of arm to do the trick without hesitation, for strain of holding the chair out is considerable.

At first you will probably have to be content with raising the chair to the horizontal position and dropping it thankfully to the floor, but after time it will be possible to pause for an increasing long time in this position.

Try it two or three times every morning on each arm alternately, and you will find it a most excellent exercise for all the muscles of the arm, and especially the triceps and wrist.



## METHODS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Georges Hackenschmidt, the world's famous wrestler, and Arthur Saxon, the strongest man on earth, both say plainly that the method of training, if huge strength and development is desired, is by gradual progress movements with a special bar-bell, of gradually increasing weight. They further claim that the reason other strong men have put on the market patent developers, and asserted that such developers are the proper way to train for strength is because there is more money in developing than in weights. It has been left to Mr. Thomas Inch, the well-known Physical Culture expert and ex-middle-weight weight-lifting champion of the world, to so perfect a method of home-training called "Advanced Training," that there is absolutely no danger of strain, and no monotony. Perfect muscular development and increasing strength there is no method known which possibly come up to Mr. Inch's special weight-lifting course. Mr. Inch has over 30,000 pupils, many of them world's record holders, and to such a point has he brought his system that every pupil is enrolled under guarantee. Any person desiring further information and to know Mr. Inch's system is strongly urged to write at once to: Mr. Thomas Inch, Dept. M.M., The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W., for his booklet, "A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH," which will be sent gratis and post paid by return mail. This book is most interesting, and fully illustrated.



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### Our Weekly Record for 1909.

|           |          |           |          |            |          |           |          |
|-----------|----------|-----------|----------|------------|----------|-----------|----------|
| Jan. 6 .. | £153,870 | Apl. 7 .. | £185,060 | July 7 ..  | £219,860 | Oct. 6 .. | £262,870 |
| " 13 ..   | 156,990  | " 14 ..   | 188,210  | " 14 ..    | 222,150  | " 13 ..   | 266,530  |
| " 20 ..   | 158,240  | " 21 ..   | 190,430  | " 21 ..    | 225,270  | " 20 ..   | 270,190  |
| " 27 ..   | 160,310  | " 28 ..   | 193,150  | " 28 ..    | 228,690  | " 27 ..   | 274,350  |
| Feb. 3 .. | 162,530  | May 5 ..  | 196,280  | Aug. 4 ..  | 231,850  | Nov. 3 .. | 278,610  |
| " 10 ..   | 164,720  | " 12 ..   | 198,670  | " 11 ..    | 235,260  | " 10 ..   | 282,970  |
| " 17 ..   | 167,180  | " 19 ..   | 200,790  | " 18 ..    | 238,590  | " 17 ..   | 287,350  |
| " 24 ..   | 169,350  | " 26 ..   | 203,140  | " 25 ..    | 242,190  | " 24 ..   | 291,690  |
| Mar. 3 .. | 171,760  | June 2 .. | 205,860  | Sept. 1 .. | 245,460  | Dec. 1 .. | 295,280  |
| " 10 ..   | 174,580  | " 9 ..    | 208,170  | " 8 ..     | 248,720  | " 8 ..    | 298,960  |
| " 17 ..   | 177,210  | " 16 ..   | 210,920  | " 15 ..    | 252,380  | " 15 ..   | 302,610  |
| " 24 ..   | 180,490  | " 23 ..   | 213,470  | " 22 ..    | 255,970  | " 22 ..   | 307,190  |
| " 31 ..   | 182,170  | " 30 ..   | 216,580  | " 29 ..    | 259,610  | " 29 ..   | 310,240  |

These figures speak for themselves and testify to the value of our recommendations.

### Why Don't You Inquire?

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Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £334,730, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

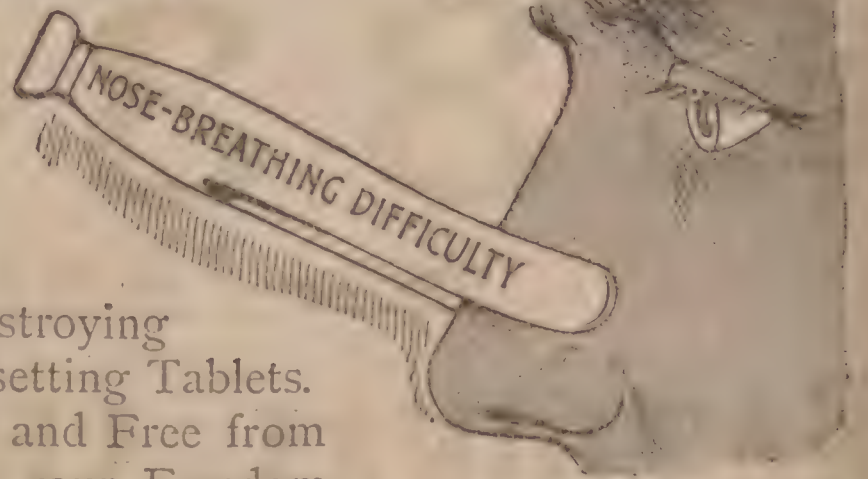
M.M.  
47.

NAME .....  
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)  
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(Please write distinctly.)  
DATE .....

# A Proposal to Ladies & Gentlemen Who Have Catarrh

**FREE**

Send (or call) for a Free Book which tells of an Easy Self-Cure for Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulty.



**N**O more Sickening Spraying or Membrane-Destroying Cauterising. No more Ineffective and Stomach-Upsetting Tablets. Instead, a New Method, so Simple as to be Automatic and Free from Conscious Effort, and at the same time Working for your Freedom from Catarrh eight out of every twenty-four hours.

**T**HAT, in brief, is why everyone who has Catarrh or Nose-Breathing Difficulty should send (or call) for a Free Copy of a most remarkable Book by a Patient (and his Doctor) who discovered a beautifully simple and easy way of self-cure. No more of that objectionable dropping of mucus in the throat.

**N**O more of that hawking and spitting to clear the throat mornings. No more catarrhal colds in the head and profuse nasal discharges. No more stuffed-up noses. No more uncertainty of voice, watery eyes, coated and tasteless tongue. No more catarrhal deafness and head noises.

**The Possibility of Cure by the New Rhycol Self-Cure Method is as 47 to the 1 of any other.**

See Free Illustrated Book for Reasons Why.

**I**T is the hearty desire of the discoverers (a Patient and his Physician) of the new cure that all who suffer from the above complaints should write for a gratis copy of the book they have just published under the title of "Respiratory Re-Education: The Physiological Cure for Catarrh, Adenoids, and Other Nose-Breathing Difficulties, &c."



*The gift book contains many remarkable illustrations showing how the nasal air-passages are affected in catarrh, adenoids, and nose-breathing difficulties, &c.*

**The book advocates** in a most plain-spoken manner a truly common-sense method of cure of a class of complaint which has hitherto defied all other forms of treatment.

**The cure is remarkable** inasmuch as it calls for no sprays or injections, no powders to be snuffed, no operations, and no painful cauterising (burning) of the inflamed mucous membrane.

**Every reader afflicted** with catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose, of course, is intended to (1) warm, as well as (2) filter, and (3) moisten, the in-taken air. The nasal air-passages—by disuse—

become more and more obstructed, causing adenoids and polypi, which in the past have generally had to be operated upon by the surgeon.

**The falling back** down the throat, or on to the back of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy, mucous matter causes offensive breath, a bad taste in the mouth, a poor appetite, and also actually poisons the food taken into the mouth.

**The hearing** becomes affected, the head feels hot, and the eyes dry, with reactionary spells of acrid watery discharge from eyes and nose, especially in changeable weather.

**The senses** of smell and taste become seriously impaired.

**Even the mouth-breathing** is handicapped by the accumulation of catarrhal matter in the bronchial tubes and lungs.

Further, the pent-up catarrhal slime often gets into the stomach, the liver, kidneys, and bladder, seriously interfering with their functional ability, and frequently giving rise to catarrh of the stomach.

**The joint authors** of the discovery—as the result of a fruitless quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "the First Cause," the nose and its respiratory functions. See the remarkable illustrations and text in the Free Book.

Undoubtedly a most powerful factor in the success of the new cure is the fact that it may be employed *during the whole of the night* without discomfort or any inconvenience. This all-night period of treatment contrasts strongly with the mere two or three minutes of treatment with the now obsolete spraying methods.

**The success** of the new treatment immediately obvious to all who try it.

**In one night** the nose, ears, tongue, and throat gave every evidence of the good work of the cure.

**In one week** the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear, the mouth and throat clean and sweet, and the taste and smell become as keen as ever.

**100,000 FREE BOOKS.**

**The book explanatory** of the new cure contains some most remarkable illustrations which help to make strikingly clear the common sense principle upon which the new cure is founded.

**The aim of the compilers** of the book has been to thoroughly inform sufferers as to the cause and method of cure of their complaint. All who study the book will readily agree with this. As will be seen in the book, the method of the new cure is as delightfully simple as it is effective in its results.

**An edition of 100,000 copies** of the book has been published for *free distribution*, and all who wish to quickly cure Catarrh, Adenoids, Polypi, or other Nose-Breathing Trouble, Catarrhal Deafness, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Swollen Tonsils, &c., should send for a copy. A penny stamp should be sent to defray postage. The address from which the free copies of the book may be obtained is: **The Rhycol Publishers, 80, Rhycol Building, Fleet Street, London, E.C.**

[Callers for copies of the Free Book may see life-like life-size models showing Catarrh and its effects.]

# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

## "SIDE" & BLUFF.

### THE PART THEY PLAY IN COMMERCE.

"Side" in business is to be distinguished very closely from bluff.

I once knew a man, a traveller, who was doing very badly. With his last ten-pound note he picked up a handsome hand and misfit shop. This gave him an air of prosperity, and those on whom he called, supposing that a firm which could be so successful as to enable its travellers to dress themselves in fur coats must necessarily be substantial and one giving good value, began to give him orders which they had previously withheld.

This, I consider, was an instance of bluff judiciously used. It was not "side," for he did not buy that coat to swagger about in privately, but simply use as a means by which he could obtain more business.

I have on more than one occasion, when interviewing applicants for a job, observed that they were bluffing, but nevertheless, when they have done it sufficiently cleverly, I have taken them on, provided I had work for them to do where bluff would pay.

I remember one case in particular. I advertised for a man to travel for my firm, and I stipulated that he should have a special knowledge of the goods that we manufactured. I asked him some very pointed questions about these goods, and never once did he admit ignorance. Sometimes he knew the right answer to my questions, and sometimes he turned them round so neatly that I was hardly conscious when he had finished speaking that he had not really answered me at all; he would practically repeat my question, then sheer off on to a discourse on some aspect of the business with which he had made himself familiar.

I knew he was bluffing, but I took him on, for I saw that he could bluff and could conceal his ignorance just as well to the customers as to me. I am happy to say that my judgment was correct, for he has proved one of our most successful travellers.

Bluff is a very different thing from "side." The man who goes in for "side" is a swanker, pure and simple. He is pretending to be something that he is not, and his purpose is not to improve himself in the way of business, but just to gratify his personal vanity. Usually he comes a cropper before very long, for his liking for "side" leads him into expense that he cannot afford.

You see many examples of useless "side." There is the young man who patronises the stalls in the theatre instead of the gallery, which would be more in keeping with his means.

It might be said that a man's private pleasures have nothing to do with his chances of success in business, but they have a great deal to do with these chances. If he is extravagant in private life, he is simply putting on "side" without any prospect of financial return. In some cases—all depending to circumstances—he should be saving his money to establish a business of his own, and in every case he would be well advised to spend at least part of his leisure in active sports and exercise; but there is no business end to be gained by spending it and his spare cash in the gratification of personal vanity.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.



## FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

### BLIND POOLS.

Several of my readers have sent me particulars of various so called "Trust" schemes, by which they are invited to send up various sums of money to enter into stock operations, but the name of the stock is always carefully omitted.

This class of business is known as a "Blind Pool," and, generally speaking, is best left severely alone.

Any reputable firm always advises you first what stocks or shares they recommend, so that you may know what is being bought for you, and are thus able to watch the movement of the market in that particular security for yourself.

### MARKET NOTES.

Consols and other gilt-edged securities have been very erratic, owing to doubts as to the effect the present Government will have on markets. I think, however, this stock is worth attention as an investment, and should see higher prices shortly.

American Rails have been affected by recent failures in New York, but I still favour them as a speculative purchase, and at the time of writing specially recommend a purchase of Southern Pacific and Unions.

Any of the leading Rubber shares are still worth purchasing.

Kaffir shares generally should improve in value. Among Rhodesians, Globe and Phoenix remain a feature.

R. V. P. (Weymouth).—You do not state whether, when you sent money for an Option to the L. & P., a contract was forwarded to you. If you received a contract, the matter appears to have been in order, as, of course, the receiver can always carry on business.

R. R. (Belfast).—The circular which you sent savours somewhat of a Blind Pool, and I cannot recommend this kind of dealing. I know nothing whatever of the firm, and think it would be as well for you to leave them alone. There are a number of good outside brokers whose advertisements you doubtless have seen, and it is advisable before dealing with any to make sure that they are in the habit of promptly paying any sum that may be due.

G. M. (Dundee).—I know nothing of the firm you mention, and am of the opinion that there are too many skating rink companies, and that this business has been overdone.

W. V. W. (Leicester).—As already stated in previous issues, the firm you mention have decamped, leaving no trace behind them.

A. H. (Petersfield).—I know nothing of the firm you mention, and do not think they have been in existence long. I would advise your asking for bankers' references, and also if any of the cheques they claim to have paid away can be seen at any time.

J. B. (Staines).—From what you tell me, it would seem that the contract is binding; you should have read it more carefully before signing it.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

## WANTED.

Club Secretaries to give me an opportunity to quote them special terms for providing the best Artistes for Dinners or Smokers. Artistes of every description sent to any part of the country at shortest notice.

Illustrated Booklet post free on receipt of postcard to L. M. MUSGROVE, 54, Waldemar Avenue, Fulham, S.W.

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THE SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION, GROSVENOR ROAD, LONDON, N.

## 2/- MONTHLY.

Gent's Suits, Boots; Ladies' Costumes, Skirts, Boots; Drapery; Babies' Outfits, &c., sent on payment of deposit; balance payable after receiving goods. Write for terms, stating wants, C. BISHOP, 125, WOOD ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

## Oatine

When the skin is irritated after shaving, use OATINE. It instantly relieves tenderness and soreness of the skin.

### A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations, and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, DENMAN ST., LONDON, S.E.



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EACH OF THESE  
STORIES IS COM-  
PLETE IN ITSELF.

By E. WADE LANG.

## XI. A NATIONAL SERVICE.

Those zealous for the protection of national art treasures will remember the sensation caused in artistic circles when it was announced that the Duke of Surrey had been offered £80,000 by an unnamed American gentleman for the famous Varela "Portrait of a Lady," and that the Duke was disposed to accept it.

The Press made a great outcry about the matter, and a fund was started in order to prevent the export of the painting, a fund consisting of promises which, despite tremendous tub-thumping, ultimately totalled a sum £15,000 short of that required. And the morning papers of March 2nd came out with the threatening news that unless the deficiency were made good by some public-spirited gentleman within a week from date the transaction would be completed, and another of our all too few valuable art possessions irretrievably lost.

Ferris, I recollect, professed indignation in common with the rest, though his complaint was principally against the Duke himself.

"The beggar doesn't need the money," he declared to me that very morning at the club. "There ought to be a law to stop a man making gain out of such manner of inherited blessings. They should be as unmarketable as his title; he has done nothing for either."

"You don't think the money will be found?" I asked.

"I don't. I doubt very much whether the promised £65,000 would be forthcoming if called for."

"Your five hundred, for instance," I suggested, for his name was down for that figure. But his reply was a stare which snubbed me for the unworthy inference. The Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., was a gentleman of delicate scruples in some particulars.

"Who is the buyer, I wonder?" said I, as all London was wondering.

"I've no idea," replied Ferris, turning his attention to his paper again.

For a few minutes he was silent, then I saw him gazing round the room to see who was present.

"Burke," he said, casually, "it seems to me it's a case for the intervention of—"

He paused to smile.

"The Crown," I finished for him.

"No; the criminal, old chap."

He was leaning over the arm of his chair towards me, his eyelids indolent. But they sheathed the glitter of meaning.

I waited for him to go on. There was nobody within earshot.

"There would be no profit in it for us, except satisfaction, but I'd like to stop the little game. By Jove! I would. It's been on my mind from the beginning. Somebody ought to do it," he concluded, with righteous indignation. "It's a public duty."

"Then let them," said I, brutally. "You keep clear of it. I don't see any fun in risking our skins for nothing."

"Don't you," he said, looking disappointed. "No; perhaps you're right."

And no more was said about the topic until the following day, when we were breakfasting at the flat.

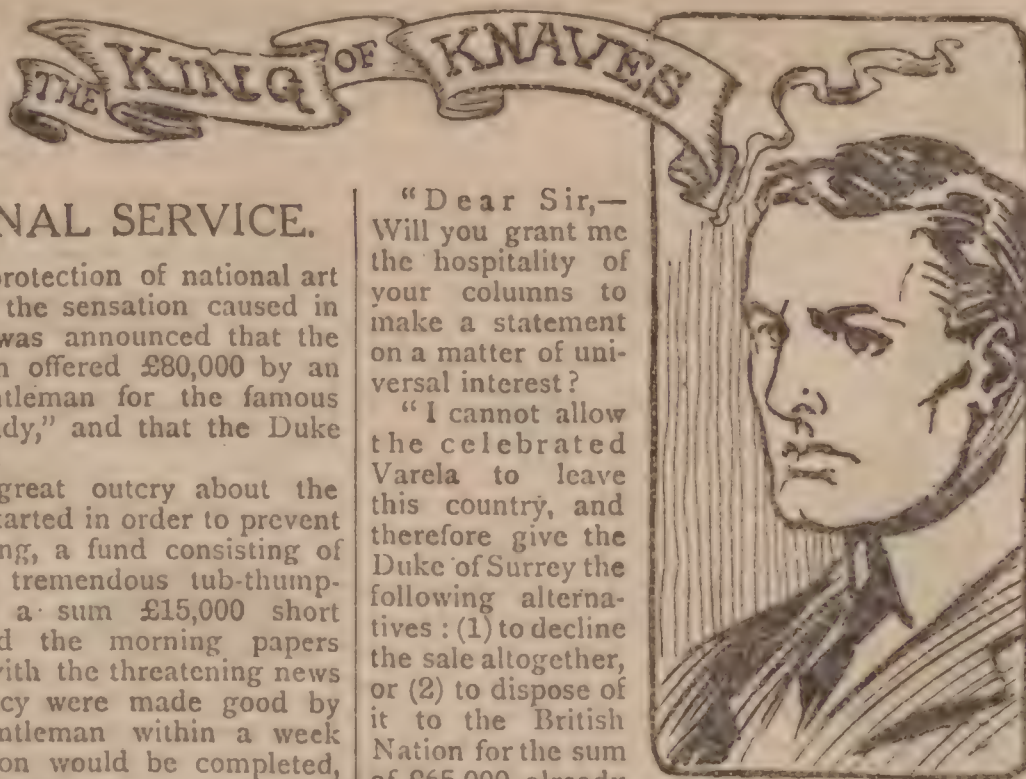
I was reading the "Morning News" when something caught my eye which made me exclaim with astonishment. I glanced at Ferris's unconcerned face.

"I've been patiently waiting for ten minutes," he said, "but you wouldn't turn to the right page."

"It's preposterous," I said.

"It is," he agreed gravely, yet with eyes that twinkled.

And this was my startler—a letter to the editor, which read:



"Dear Sir,—Will you grant me the hospitality of your columns to make a statement on a matter of universal interest?"

"I cannot allow the celebrated Varela to leave this country, and therefore give the Duke of Surrey the following alternatives: (1) to decline the sale altogether, or (2) to dispose of it to the British Nation for the sum of £65,000, already subscribed, for exhibition in the National Gallery. Failing the Duke's obedience I shall be compelled to take charge of the picture myself. But it would be a shame to confine it to one admirer."

"(Signed) THE KING OF KNAVES."

I opened my mouth to exclaim again, to express my opinion of his profitless folly, to declare that he could not be in earnest; but I knew of old it would all be superfluous. The Press had seen fit to create this journalistic hero the King of Knaves, and the King of Knaves, as Ferris so often said, they should have to their heart's content.

"The usual letter-card, with printed characters," went on my companion. "I sincerely hope the habit won't do the Revenue an ill turn. People may begin to think that it's risky buying letter-cards at all. Most suspicious, in fact. You observe the editor inserts a note that he believes the communication a hoax, but prints it for what it's worth. No doubt the evening papers will devote placards and leaders to it."

"And the Duke?" said I. "How will he take it?"

"That," replied Ferris, "will be the most entertaining part of it. I must really call in during the day and see."

It was fruitless my questioning him further, for the more I questioned the more tantalisingly reticent he became.

But he was back again during the afternoon full of news.

"You should have seen him," he laughed, dropping into a chair. "You know what a fussy, nervous old beggar he is. Well, when I got to his place in Grosvenor Square, who should be there but Scotland Yard in all his majesty! Yes; Inspector Weston, my boy, who has sworn by all his gods to nab me by the heels some day. It was quite a diverting experience to exchange guesses with him as to who the individual might be."

"Bless you! I wasn't the only caller, not by a regiment. Even my respected pater was there, scandalised, shocked, outraged, by the impudence of the rogue. What are they going to do? No secret at all, as you'll see by the papers to-morrow. The picture is at Ebor Court, his country seat in Surrey, you know. Well, they hardly consider it so safe there as in the heart of London, and—certainly—the squadrons of Scotland Yard. So they're going to bring it and hang it in the gallery at Grosvenor Square, and the said squadrons will watch the treasure night and day till the week is up."

"And you," said I, with a flash of inspiration, "intend to get hold of it beforehand?"

"My perceptive Irishman," quoth Ferris, "I only wish I could! But Weston goes down with his Grace this very night, accompanied by a couple more detectives, and they will act as a bodyguard on the journey up to-morrow."

"Then it's off," said I, rather eagerly.

Ferris raised his brows, either with doubt or indulgence.

"There are six days yet—and six nights, remember. The Duke is resolved to keep his word in spite of all the knaves in Christendom. If the British people like to stump up by the 9th instant, they give them preference over the anonymous Yankee, though he doesn't admit their right to interfere with his private business at all. You know the portentous dignity of fussy men. But we shall see, Burke, we shall see."

"You still think there's a chance of bringing it off?" I queried.

"All I think," said Ferris, idly, "is that it is rather unnecessary for Weston to allow the whole world to know the nature of his precautions, might mean it to scare off the projected attention, and yet—his eyes narrowed to gaze at the end of his cigarette, and he spoke musingly—"and yet I think he would rather nab the Knave than the picture."

A sudden premonition of disaster stabbed at him. "And he will before the game is done," said he solemnly.

Ferris gave a reckless laugh.

"Quien sabe?" said he. "The devil is crooked."

## II.

The next day he asked me to go with him to call upon the Duke again. I demurred, protesting that such curiosity would surely be suspicious, but Ferris laughed my caution away.

"What more natural," said he, "than to want to see whether he has brought it up from the country all safe and sound?"

But he seemed in a depressed frame of mind when we came away. For the famous Varela "Portrait" was there all right, and by the double doors at either end of the gloomy gallery sat a liveried servant who looked far too ancient to be a flunkey. Moreover, as the picture was almost life-sized and the frame massive, it will readily be guessed that the task of appropriating it could hardly be achieved by anything less than supernatural means.

I told Ferris this as we walked along, and he more.

"Even if we could manage to drug the sentinels," I argued, "we could scarcely get through the streets of London with that thing under the arm. And the same reason disposes of any idea of impersonating the Duke or even the buyer, if you could get to know who he is. No, if we did get it we couldn't hide it. The servants who do the flat would see it and tumble to what it was in a minute."

"Just so, Burke," said Ferris thoughtfully.

"Just so." We had reached Hyde Park Corner and Ferris stopped to buy the latest edition of a halfpenny evening paper. I glanced at him to see whether I had convinced him by my reasoning, but he was slightly smiling as he read.

He passed the paper to me and became suddenly brisk.

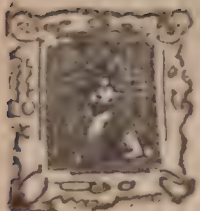
"I've got an appointment with the governor," said he. "May not see you till to-morrow, possibly I shall have to go out of Town. By the way, if you look"—he indicated the paper—"you'll see some enterprising minds put forward half a dozen sound, feasible plans for removing the picture from his Grace's residence. The resources of modern journalism fill one with wonder. Good-bye."

And he was gone, walking with the lithe, easy grace which would have made him noticeable among a hundred.

I did not see him on the morrow, nor yet the day after. Indeed, it was not until the Thursday, the day which was to see the transaction completed one way or the other, that I turned up again.

I received a wire in the afternoon saying, "Meet me Nelson Monument eleven-thirty to-night. Come dressed for motoring."

The message puzzled me no less than his absence had done. I had called in at his flat the morning to attend to his correspondence, as was my duty, wondering where he could be and what



And my wonder had by this time become an anxiety. However, it was useless to speculate, and the most sensible thing was blindly to obey. A taxi-cab drew up at the pavement near where I was standing at the appointed time, and the driver beckoned me. "You waiting for Mr. Ferris?" said he. "Then up in. He's sent me for you." "Where is he?" I asked. But the fellow, whose face was almost hidden beneath a turned-up coat collar and a crushed-down cap, made no answer. He drove me down to the Embankment, across Westminster Bridge, through Kennington to Lambeth, and we were approaching Croydon when I put my inquisitiveness into words and asked again to ask where we were going. "Damn you, answer!" I shouted. And the driver, turning his head, said across his shoulder in a well-familiar voice, "Shut up, Irishman." I laughed aloud at the thought of Ferris, M.P., turned chauffeur, and leaned back, serene in my mystification. We went sharp to the right on reaching Lambeth, and, later, sharp to the left, which brought us into a lane containing a few suburban villas, which in a few minutes we left a mile behind. Then Ferris came to a halt between the skeleton hedges and got out. "This is one of the by-roads to Brighton," said he, opening the door for me to alight, "but at this time of night traffic is scarce. Come here; I want to show you how to drive."

He was already proficient at driving his own car, and this was simpler. A three-quarter moon was shining yellow on the horizon and the night was very still. "How on earth did you get hold of this?" said I, meanwhile. "Bless you, I'm one of the Motor Company's servants. I got the job on Tuesday. Have a look at me!" He stood in the headlight, a clean-shaven, smiling man, coarse-lipped and pugnacious. "Splendid!" said I. "Though now I know, I tell it's you." His teeth sparkled in a laugh, and coming up he took me by the arms and drew me also into the light. He drew something out of his pocket, told me to keep still, and proceeded to rub a greasy hand rapidly over my face. The next moment, with the light, sure touch of an artist, he was at work on my features with a pencil. "Take a squint at yourself in the mirror inside," he said, finishing with a clap on my shoulder. "Did so, and it was not the commonplace face of an old Burke that looked back at me—that is I need say. I didn't want the Duke to recognise you," said Ferris as I emerged. "The Duke!" I echoed, amazed. "My dear old chap," came the amused, cynical censure of my friend, "we're here to get the picture. What else did you imagine?" "The picture! Here! In the dead of night!" "Even so. Within twenty minutes, or my familiar spirit has deceived me. Burke, you're a royal pal, but you're no judge of art. Don't ever be a masterpiece, because the dealer is pretty sure to palm off on you a fake." "A fake! What the devil—? Why, you don't seem to say that Varela I saw wasn't genuine?" "False as the virtue of priests, old chap. I was straight to my governor and told him so, and he was like David and Jonathan with the Duke, as good enough to tell me of the clever little scheme devised to outwit this precious Knave. The most comical part of all is that our dear friend Ferris himself is included in the general deception. You know the theory has been current that we—the audacious We—must be actually a high official in Scotland Yard. 'Running with the hare and hunting with the hounds,' I believe was the

term used. But jump in. We have to go farther on, and I can finish as we go along."

The hedges began to glide past us again. The taxi was open and the night air tasted cool and sweet.

"Ebor Court is about five miles ahead," he went on, "and this is the most direct road between it and London. At one o'clock his Grace sets out in his motor-car with the genuine painting rolled up like a linoleum mat and wrapped in brown paper. It's a plan that could only have occurred to an eccentric, but it's original enough to deserve to succeed."

"We shall merely stop the car at a certain point—Ah, here it is!"

The brakes ground, and the taxi stopped in its own length. Ferris manoeuvred it round until it was facing the way we had come, and left it standing in the middle of the lane. Then he removed the number plate at the back and replaced it with another.

"Another car can hardly pass while ours is there, and see—" He waved a hand to the stretch of open downs ahead, across which the road ran bare of flanking hedges. "—we shall have plenty of opportunity to observe its approach, thanks to the friendly moon."

"But if some other car should come meanwhile?" I asked anxiously.

"We must wheel ours out of the way, that's all. We must trust to luck that two don't come at once. If they do, we must follow the Duke's and try what we can do later on—run him down, if there's no other way."

"You would never do that!" said I, with rather chicken-hearted trepidation.

But Ferris, gazing along the open road with keen eyes, said nothing. I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past one.

"Will he be alone?" I asked.

"Barring the chauffeur, yes. Unless he has changed his mind and takes an escort."

"What then?" said I.

Ferris turned to me and put his hands on my shoulders.

"Like all Irishmen," said he with grave raillery, "you're full of fever till the fight. But I know your mettle, perhaps better than you do yourself. You just sit at the steering wheel and be ready to set her going when I tell you. If I want your help for anything else I'll call you—and"—he shook me gently—"I sha'n't have to wait long."

And, soon after, a light shone in the distance, disappeared beneath a dip in the road; shone anew, trebled this time, the glare of the head-light looking like a charging sun, and now the hum of the engine could be heard. Then the horn hooted once, twice, and again, and the hum of the engine changed to a pulsating *ghish-ghish*, ultimately to cease altogether as the car was pulled up.

"Now, then! Get out of the way, please," called a voice.

I turned in my seat and saw Ferris bending over one of our rear wheels. I also saw a head thrust through the side window of the closed motor.

"Arf a mo, we've 'ad a breakdown," came Ferris's gruff reply.

"Well, that is no reason for taking up the whole of the road," spoke the person at the window, irritably.

Ferris straightened, walked past the chauffeur to the unoccupied window on the other side, and looked in. He was coolly ascertaining whether the Duke travelled alone. Then he returned and stood by the chassis within a couple of feet of the chauffeur. He was beyond the light of the lamps, and to me almost indistinguishable.

Yet I heard his voice, clean and biting like frost, a voice totally different from the gruff one of before.

"Get off that seat. Thank you." His right arm was extended. "Now right about face and twenty paces up the road."

The man's hesitation lasted no more than ten seconds, but I could imagine his sensations at meeting glittering eyes behind the barrel.

"What's this? What's this—this outrage?" The Duke hastened out through the door on the

other side, and crossed the glaring lamps, a little man in a peaked cap and a voluminous fur-edged coat.

His definite figure changed to a shadowy blur as he passed out of the light.

"I have kept my word, your Grace," I heard Ferris say crisply. "Need I introduce myself?"

"By heaven, you ruffian!" The sudden movement of the shorter shadow was as suddenly checked.

"At your service," said Ferris, courteously. "Kindly stroll up the road and join your servant. I shall not detain you a minute."

"I'll—I'll see you damned first," was the blustering answer.

"I'm afraid you won't," said Ferris. "But I may you, though it would pain me. Sharp, now!"

The command came like the crack of a whip.

I held my breath in the momentary silence. Would the Duke show fight? If so, it would be a dastardly thing to harm an old man. But the reputation of the Knave was not that of a man who would stop at murder.

"By gad, sir! you shall suffer for this," exploded the gentleman.

"My regret," said Ferris, as the Duke hurried by him, "is only that I should have to teach you your obligation to your country. Stay. When you undertake to obey the terms stated in my public letter the picture shall be returned to you. You can make your decision known by the same medium."

With perfect leisure he entered the car, appeared almost at once with a roll under his arm, and deposited it within our own.

Then, even while the danger of their following us was wracking my mind, he dissipated the danger by the most obvious means in the world. He punctured each of the four tyres with a shot from his revolver.

"Drive on Burke," he said, curtly, seating himself. And I let her rip.

"Ease up," he called, after we had covered about three or four miles. And he got out and changed the number-plate.

"It will take them at least an hour to reach the nearest telephone," he said, "and we shall be home by then. You can come inside now and I'll drive you to the mansions. Then I shall return the car to the garage, and I'm afraid that's the last my temporary employers will see of me."

He was rubbing my face with something soft as he spoke, removing the make-up.

Then, as we started off again, I looked about for the rolled picture and couldn't find it.

I told Ferris so excitedly.

"All right, Burke," he answered. "I've got it wrapped round my body next my shirt. You were so very anxious to put distance between ourselves and the scene of the crime that you had no ears or eyes for what I was doing."

"Drive faster," said I, disgusted.

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—EDITOR.]



# THROUGH THE WIND SCREEN



AN IMPRESSION.

Some are born to motor-cars, some achieve motor-cars, and others have motor-cars thrust upon them.

A middle-aged friend of mine thrust his motor-car upon me amid the heart of Kent.

There was a horrible "r-r-tch" outside my window.

I saw that my friend had got "the closed car" out. Anyway, it was Canterbury, if I cared to become a Pilgrim up-to-date, and also if I did not mind an outside seat with the driver. Jack Frost's pinch did not matter to young fellows, eh? Of course not. Besides, there was a wind screen.

My most ample coat was on inside three minutes. After a little preliminary palpitating there was a sort of "cr-r-unch" and we were off—off, with a frosty morning all my very own, and an artistic sun gold-tinting the white, all for me!

Very gracefully we slithered down the hill, that was as ice to the hoofs of the shire horses who pulled the great wagons.

The god in the car—his name, I gathered, was Jimmy Timmins—observed that it was "very good going; different to the sticky mud of the day before yesterday."

"But it don't suit *them*," said James sarcastically as he indicated the sliding horses that we passed.

"Take the day before yesterday," I said, "and remember that horses don't skid!"

For two miles James was silent. By that time we had passed through Ashford, which is the S.E. and C.Ry.'s "Swindon," and were well on the Canterbury road.

"I say," said Mr. Timmins, as he watched the speedometer hand tremblingly mark the "30," "don't tell me you're in favour of horses."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Don't know,"—the expression upon his face was truly sad—"but I drive a lot in London. Guv'nor goes to the Corn Exchange on Mondays. Somehow the horses seem to look at us—p'raps it's 'cause they've got used to 'taxis'—contemptuous-like and sort of hasty. I can't describe it nohow else, and that's my opinion, sir."

Surely they don't class an opulent motor-brougham with a taxi?" I ventured to interrupt, yelling in his storm-collar-protected ear above the crescendo hum, as the car gained impetus.

Ah, you're thinkin' I'm tryin' to be funny, sir. I'm not. I mean it. By gawd, I do! I was never more serious in my life. They *do* look at us contemptuous-like, 'specially the hansom-keb horses. You see, sir—"

I saw nothing for a considerable time but two or three game-stocked woods followed by fields and many hop-poles, together with tattered notices exhorting electors to vote for "British hops for British people." The middle-aged gentleman inside had dropped the "Telegraph," and made a pointed epigram anent addressing the man at the

steering-wheel through the communicator tubing. We had a clear road now, and the speedometer had jerked round to "45," which, to me, seemed "going it."

"She can do better," said the Jimmy Timmins of Teutonic appearance. In a few seconds the little black hand was within a mark or two of "60." We were doing better—and I was feeling worse. The little bridges that extended over the small brooks that ran under the roadway were as sharp bumps on a Scenic Railway. There were miraculous escapes certainly, but not a chicken did we annihilate, although a flying and agitated Orpington missed our glass wind-screen by the merest hair's breadth.

My friend in the buff-coloured and tapestry-lined interior did not fall asleep until we had left Chartham and its asylum upon our left, and were groaning up a Canterbury-ward hill upon our lowest gear.

We topped the rise fair and free. Mr. Timmins chucked a significant thumb over his right shoulder, let in the highest of his four gears with the magic touch of his right hand, and said:

"That asylum, sir—that's where I shall be—or a place similar—if things don't alter."

There were no plebeian spurtings and chucklings about our vehicle when a straight road stretched before us—merely a dry "whirr" that afforded the car an air of luxury beyond even the leather cushions, which were so soft that they gave one a fair idea of what sitting on clouds might be like if they were damp-proof.

"What do you mean, James?" I asked.

James looked at the distant cluster of houses which was Canterbury.

"Horses—just horses—that are knocking my sort off the road. We usurped the road, you know, sir—same as lots of kings did in the old days, only thrones was *their* mark. Very well. I tell you, sir, it begins to haunt me. It's a twenty-horse-power night-mare, a'most."

He darted a glance over his shoulder into the brougham. My old friend did not twitch an eyelid, so James leaned over to me, quite in opposition to the usual method employed by chauffeurs when addressing a mere fellow-man, and went on very slowly but emphatically.

"It's growin' on me, sir. Sometimes I wonder whether I'm all there. I do straight. P'raps it's in the blood. My father, you see, used to drive a hansom keb. I was suckled in a hansom-keb, as you might say, and—me first responsible job in this world was *drivin' a taxi!* (I look older than that, don't I?)

"My father told me at the time that I was goin' against me breedin'. I'm beginnin' to believe it now—all those highly immoral words he said about bad luck bein' likely to follow me. I can see it comin', sir."

"Our sort have ruined 'emselves! Why, when I first took up taxi-drivin' (It's plain facts I'm speakin') there was young gentlemen, younger sons o' the tax-pinched middle-class, with the 'For Hire' flag unfurled, as you might say."

"Well, we used to reckon on two pun' ten a week at least, and if we were tipped more than twopence in the shillin' we were *pleased*."

"Now, I ask you a question, sir! Is there a Britisher breathin' as *dare* give a taxi-driver the plain eight 'd' when the clock marks it as his legal fare? In these days they don't say even 'thank ye' for the shillin' that leaves a fourpenny tip—which works out at fifty per cent."

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"It's getting like this. People don't ride taxi-kebs now, because they daren't pay less than five bob for a half-dollar journey. Why, a pal o' the guv'nor's, who only last week was sittin' just where you are, said that he was beginnin' to class taxi-drivers with German waiters (Fancy bein' classed with a German waiter!) 'cause you never got a 'thank ye' for less than large silver."

"Do you know what taxi-drivers are earnin' in London *now*, sir? Since the British public has tumbled to 'em they have averaged twenty-five bob a week—*sometimes*, when things are very good or London happens to be over-populated with provincial mugs. Why? Because the majority of people that aren't takin' a general walkin' are doin' the dis. by the old hansom."

"There's somethin' natural, somehow, in bein' cursed by the man up the air on the hansom-keb box when you give him his *legal* fare and omit the tanner or so over, but it's fair levellin', I'm told, to be sworn at by an embryo Count in corn-flower-blue, who sits in a cushioned seat protected from the weather by a patent wind screen."

"One day, you see—the guv'nor *has* a temper—I may be reduced to taxi-drivin' again, so I feel that the present fellers are takin' away *my* livin' as well as their own."

"There are always motor-'busses," I observed. We were dropping gracefully down the hill into Canterbury, Mr. James Timmins obviously pondering on my remark the while.

"Come to *that*, sir," he said, "there's always the River Thames, (This place reminds me of Coventry, just as you come to the City Gate.)"

We ran in by the narrow way under the ancient archway, and my friend alighted at a medieval house.

"I shall be five minutes," he said. Mr. Timmins turned the car into a side street conveniently near an old hostelry.

"Which gives us just time for a drink, sir," he said, smiling for the first time.

The fat landlord came out for our order. "What's yours?" I asked of Mr. Timmins.

"If you wouldn't mind, sir, I'll—"

"Well, we'll toss for it."

I threw up a half-sovereign into the air. "Heads," said Mr. Timmins.

The equestrian stamp of St. George slaying the Dragon was uppermost.

"Just as I thought," said Mr. Timmins, bitterly. "It's a bloomin' horse—and against me again!"

SIDNEY NORTH.

## "SNOOKER."

No doubt the great majority of THE MODERN MAN'S readers are keen cueists, and will admit partiality for the alluring game which is known as "snooker pool," or more commonly as "snooker." It is one of the best games that can be played on a billiard-table.

As most of us know, this game is played with fifteen red pyramid balls, which each count one, and with six coloured balls of various values.

Now, it is a strange fact that however keen the average man may be on "snooker," he cannot, nevertheless, retain in his memory the values of these coloured balls or the rotation in which they must be taken after all the pyramid balls are "down." Consequently the query, "What am I on, marker?" is as frequent in the billiard-room as the call of "What's trumps?" at the card-tables of the ladies' clubs.

So that perhaps it may be useful to some readers to give the sequence and the values. Here they are:

|              |               |
|--------------|---------------|
| Yellow ..... | Two points.   |
| Green .....  | Three points. |
| Brown .....  | Four points.  |
| Blue .....   | Five points.  |
| Pink .....   | Six points.   |
| Black .....  | Seven points. |

It is an interesting and important point to remember that the white, or striker's, ball must be "struck" and not "pushed" against the object ball.

## BRIEF REPLIES.

In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**P. C. (Blackheath).**—It is by no means too soon to begin to plan your Easter walking tour. Certainly walk rather than cycle, as Easter is early and "bad" weather is most enjoyable afoot.

**A. M. G. (Hayward's Heath).**—Many men now find that tie-clips are unnecessary with the wing collar. Certainly to do without them makes one thing fewer to lose—and swear about.

**W. M. G. (Ramsgate).**—Many gamekeepers are realising, in the light of fuller research, that owls are among their best friends; and they have therefore ceased their war of extermination. They are dear old birds to have round your country home.

**W. D. (Huddersfield).**—You must not take too seriously the fact that the older members of your club try to make fun of you because you are not quite up to the ropes. It is certainly rather inhospitable of them, and you may have to punch one of them eventually; but probably they do not mean any harm.

**REV. J. H. C. C. (Edinburgh).**—Glad to know your views coincide with ours. You hate the goody-good and agree with us that Christianity is essentially a masculine religion. That is what we have always believed. We only wish that more of you parsons would help us in spreading such a gospel. Good luck to you, old sport. If there were more like you, the ministers of religion would be held in higher esteem by the community at large.

**R. S. (Devonport).**—Put your dog on Molassine for a bit; that should put his coat right.

**E. E. B. (Leicester)** informs us, in the course of a letter in which he deals with our recent comments on the Y.M.C.A., that: "Our local building is crowded every evening with people whom one can hardly call more than children, to the exclusion of the majority of men like myself, who do not care for their society." It would appear that there are lots of children in the Y.M.C.A., although many of them are old enough to grow moustaches.

**W. P. C. (Belfast).**—Have your lounge coat made with a slit up the back; the style made with two slits, one at either side, is now out of date. With regard to your other inquiry, as to whether a man should use perfume, he may certainly do so if he has a fancy for it, but it is generally considered bad form for a man to reek of scent. The utmost he should use is a drop or two on his handkerchief.

**S. BOUCHER, 3, Glen Avenue, Doncaster,** wants to know where he can get good fencing lessons in his town. Perhaps one of our readers who can assist him will write to him direct.

**F. H. (Kingsbridge)** wants to know whether there is a corps for watchmakers in the Army. We have never heard of one, but there are rumours that Mr. Winston Churchill is to take command at the War Office. If he does so, all things are possible.

**F. F. H. (Blackpool).**—The embrocation referred to was Dr. Carter's. It is admittedly the best for athletic purposes.

**E. T. S. (King's Langley).**—Seeing that you want to go abroad, and also that you have a friend farming in Canada who is willing to give you work at once, you had better emigrate, especially as you have a little capital to start on your own when the time arrives for that. In warning our readers against rash emigration, we have done so because many men who have left this country have found it impossible to get work in the Colonies, but it is quite a different matter when work is assured to you.

**A. D. HUGHES, 80, Allington Street, St. Michael's, Liverpool,** wants to correspond with a Trooper in the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry. His name is on the waiting list, and he wants a few tips.

**A. M. (Bristol).**—For full particulars as to the conditions of service in the Navy, apply to the Director of Naval Recruiting, Admiralty Recruiting Office, 7, Whitehall Place, London, S.W.



## SOME TIPS FOR THE TOWNSMAN WHEN HE VISITS THE COUNTRY.

For the full enjoyment of country week-ends, which are becoming more and more popular, especially at this time of the year, it is essential that the feeling of strangeness and newness that is apt to take possession of one should be got over at the earliest possible moment if much valuable time, amounting to a large proportion of the entire holiday, is not to be wasted.

Some men have a happy knack of walking straight into a new environment without any sense of effort. These are the adaptable few, men who can make the most of any circumstances and who are never at a loss for words and actions appropriate to their surroundings. But I think it will be found as a rule that these men are often those who are more wrapped up in themselves than interested in their surroundings.

## NOT ALWAYS DESIRABLE.

The man who at once makes himself at home, whether it be on a lonely mountain or in a town ball-room, in a farmhouse or in a church, is inclined to be rather of a domineering disposition, with an idea that he is going to twist everything to his use. That, of course, is an admirable equipment for business, but it is rather apt to interfere with the pleasure of others; but few of us are of this type, and few of us take immediately to new surroundings.

The change from town bustle to rural stillness is alone sufficient to upset our mental outlook. The customs, the armour of social conventions, most of which, in the town, are set up to keep us at arm's length from one another, are quite out of place in the country.

## AT THE COUNTRY STATION.

Even when getting out of the train at the little station, run by a station-master and one porter, you are apt to feel that there is something between yourself and these good fellows that will not allow you to get to close quarters, and, unless you are prepared to make the first advance towards breaking the ice, you are likely to have rather a stiff time in the country places.

Knowing nothing of you, a stranger, the little community looks with curiosity and uncertainty, and if you preserve a dignity that is all very well in the office, you are never likely to get more than distant respect and civility. But if, as I do, you will gradually get into conversation, on a footing of equality with these station folk, and will lead the conversation into paths that will awaken their interest, you will find no more informing and willing and friendly countrymen.

Going recently to a new farm, selected from among several I have seen advertised in all sorts of papers, I was ignorant of the short cuts of

## MAKING YOURSELF AT HOME

the district, and found this an admirable means of shaking off the mask of town atmosphere.

I chatted with the porter on the weather and such topics for some time, and was getting rather fed-up with the incessant and invariable "sir" that ended his every remark. At last I asked the field-way to the farm, and wondered whether he could get away for twenty minutes to set me on the right road.

## OFF DUTY.

He disappeared into the only office and returned in a moment. I knew at once the result of his brief interview with the station-master, for I noticed that my porter friend had produced his pipe and pouch, and these things are not allowed when on duty. So we set off across the fields together.

There were still traces of an assumed servility which had to be got rid of at any price, for I was to spend a week among many like him, and I wanted to be one of them.

"Bet you sixpence," I blurted out, "you can't jump that hedge instead of getting over the stile."

He looked at me for a second. Then, without a word, he was off and over the hedge, not even scratching his corduroy trousers on the topmost twigs.

The sixpence changed hands at once, and I was saved the awkward position of tipping a man with whom I wanted to be on an equality.

Several times we jumped against each other after that, and then he went back to the station after promising to bring my bag over to the farm when the afternoon train had gone down.

## MAKING FRIENDS.

On my arrival at the farm itself I was greeted with a loud challenge from two dogs, and my first thought was to get on friendly terms with these. It was not difficult, though the younger of the two, a sturdy mongrel full of cautiousness and common sense, kept up a semi-growl even while I completed the process of introduction. Soon they were both plainly expressing downright jealousy of each other in their desire to be first favourite, and accompanied me with much bounding and friendly barking to the door.

They had warned the good wife of my approach, for, as I knocked and asked "May I come in?" I noticed that she was just finishing the tapes of a clean apron into a presentable bow.

She took my remark that I'd "caught her making herself smart" in very good part, and when I had assured her that I preferred the pump for a wash rather than a procession behind the maid of all work with hot water and a clean towel, she seemed convinced that I was not expecting hotel conveniences, and relapsed into her genial and informal self again.

Indeed, when I had settled down to a late lunch with the farmer, the farmer's wife, the "maid" (who turned out to be a daughter of the house), and the two dogs, I was thoroughly one of them, and the period of strained formalities was successfully avoided.

## GETTING MY BEARINGS.

Before evening I took care to make a wide tour of the farm, seeing the old house, partly thatched and partly red-tiled, from every point of the compass, and getting the lie of the land into my mind's eye so that the next morning I should go out into familiar places.

I made a note, too, of the hedges that were most frequented by rabbits, and of the best way to approach them without giving warning to the rabbits.

That evening the farmer was full of the sport of the countryside, and gave me, in the intervals of a game of whist, all the thrilling episodes he could remember concerning the many worthies whose portraits filled his albums and covered his homely walls.

ROBERT INGLIS.



# THE OUTER MAN

## A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

### BREECHES CONTINUATIONS.

If one is in the habit of wearing riding-breeches, at any rate on horseback, one is often troubled by their working up from beneath the legging, and sometimes leaving a hiatus between the two.

Most breeches are provided with buttons to which to affix the legging, but these are often uncomfortable and soon get torn off, even if the wearer does not cut them off at the outset.

It is a far better plan to have continuations added to your breeches, so that they become more like pantaloons in shape, though still buttoning or lacing at the knee. The continuations, which, as they do not show, may be made of any material, not necessarily the same as the breeches, reach down to half way between the ankle and the calf, and are fixed at the bottom by small buttons, so that they are prevented from riding up by the curve of the leg.

The cost of having these continuations added to your breeches is very slight, especially if they are ordered at the same time as the breeches, and the added comfort is well worth it.

### FOR WEARERS OF WOOLLEN GLOVES.

Those who wear worsted gloves may have noticed that in most cases after a little wear the surface of them becomes covered with tiny balls of fluff, which give an unnecessary shaggy appearance to the gloves.

Most men simply leave them as they are, and assume that the little balls of wool are too firmly fixed to the glove to remove without injury.

But they are only composed of loose wool which has been rubbed up from the surface, and it is worth while occasionally to subject the gloves to a plucking process, and to remove this fluff with the fingers. The gloves will look very much better for this slight attention.

### OPERA HATS.

The opera hat is looked on by the majority of people as a most expensive luxury, and very few have the faintest idea how they work. Most people imagine that you press a button some where and the hat opens itself.

As a matter of fact all you have to do is to insert your fingers between the sides of the brim and the wire circle at the top of the hat, and press the latter upwards, when a simple arrangement of springs stretches the slack sides tight. To close the hat place the top against your chest and squash it flat.

A very serviceable opera hat can be obtained for half-a-guinea, and for the man about town who is frequently in evening dress it is sound economy to get one. It provides the finishing touch that is lacking when one is reduced to a bowler, and the only other alternative is a silk hat, which is worn by many men.

But a little experience of cloak rooms at restaurants, theatres, or dances, or of being pushed under a theatre seat, will soon reduce a silk hat to a state that demands frequent ironing and early replacement.

The half-guinea or so that will procure an opera hat is well spent, even without considering the smartness of its appearance and the air of completeness that it seems to give to a man's wardrobe.



It is one of those luxuries that many men deny themselves when there is no need for them to do so.

They will often spend ten shillings in a few weeks on small luxuries without hesitation, but they will not think of saving up the same amount of money until they can purchase some one more expensive luxury that will last for many years instead of a few moments.

The opera hat, however, has one drawback. Owing to the necessity of having some soft material that will crush easily, it is usually lined with silk or satin instead of leather inside the brim, and this has an unpleasant habit of catching the hair, and disarranging it when you take the hat off.

I do not know of any remedy for this, unless it be to have the brim of the hat lined with some soft leather, such as kid or suède, but I confess I have never seen a hat made on these lines.

### WHITE SHIRTS.

For some reason or other the man who wears a shirt with stiff white cuffs in conjunction with a lounge suit—with the possible exception of a black one—seems to brand himself as lacking in individuality.

In any case the starched white shirt is a most expensive thing to wear with morning dress. It is impossible to keep the cuffs clean for more than one day, and even then they are probably soiled by the evening. And the chances are that after a very few times of washing they will become frayed at the edges.

But there are occasions on which some sort of white shirt is a necessity—when a man is in mourning, for instance, though even then it is possible to get a very neat soft shirt with narrow black stripes.

The old-fashioned expedient was to wear loose starched cuffs, and perhaps even that abomination called a "dicky," which could be worn over any kind of shirt, of whatever colour, material, or degree of cleanliness. But like all shams, an imitation of that sort could not retain favour long.

Nowadays, however, the obvious alternative is the plain white shirt with a soft front and cuffs. Not only is it more comfortable than the "card-board box," but it is often cheaper in the first instance, and certainly more economical.

You save in washing bills and in the amount of wear you can get out of the shirt.

Soft double cuffs look quite as well as starched ones when worn with a lounge suit, though, of course, they are unsuitable for wear with a frock or morning coat.

Moreover, a soft white shirt is most suitable for use with a soft linen collar, such as one sees not infrequently on men who, though well dressed, prefer comfort to absolute correctness, even in town.

### PHYSICAL ABNORMALITIES.

The title of this paragraph is a very long-winded one and sounds as if it referred to something more in Mr. Mitchell's line than mine, but I don't know what else to call it. "Physical defects" does not meet the case, for the tip I am about to give does not refer to defects but to peculiarities.

No man likes his appearance to be peculiar, and I have already shown how, to a great extent, clothes can remove the appearance of peculiarity in the matter of height.

Many men, however, are possessed of an abnormally large head or feet, and since, as often as not, they are far more conscious of it than any

casual stranger would be, or than their appearance warrants, they attempt to counteract the peculiarity.

In most cases a man with a large head will have his caps small in shape, and as close-fitting as possible. But this is a great mistake. It merely becomes obvious that what is a man's shoulders is mostly head and very little cap, and actually calls attention to what it was intended to hide, besides being uncomfortable.

It is far better to get a cap of a size that fits easily, and one that is not unduly "skimpy." It will not really make the head appear any larger than a smaller one. A more effective means of producing the required illusion is to aim at a good development of the neck and shoulders, so that they may be in keeping with the size of the head.

The man with big-feet again is often subjected to much harmless chaff, though it is not in the best of taste to banter a man about what he cannot help, and what is after all not a very serious abnormality.

Sometimes he will endeavour to reduce their apparent size by pinching them into pointed boots that are too small for him. In this way he merely ensures that he shall be painfully conscious of his feet all the time instead of forgetting them as he should do.

Better have comfortable boots and have the trousers cut full and long, so as to make the legs appear in proportion with the feet.

So when a man's figure begins to show signs of undue development in front, where at a certain age an increase of size seems all too easily attained, it would be useless to wear tight-fitting clothes by way of disguising the bulk. On the contrary, the suits should be less close-fitting, and every effort should be made to make the proportions of the body appear normal.

### WORKING CLOTHES.

There is at times an intense satisfaction in being clad in old clothes and in knowing that it does not matter how you treat them.

You do not have to take thought for the crease of your trousers, but can cross your legs without hesitation when the spirit moves you to do so. You need have no qualms about wearing your elbows until they are shiny or about turning up your coat-collar if you are out in the rain.

All these things and many more have to be considered when you are wearing a suit that you want to keep respectable.

Some men always discard a suit when it has got past a certain stage of shapelessness; but, personally, I always keep at least one old suit until the cloth is actually worn through. I do draw the line at patches, but, as far as shape goes, it can be as baggy and pulled-about as it likes.

A suit like this is a boon and a blessing if you have some hard work to get through, even if it is brain-work that will keep you at a desk. There is a feeling of freedom about it which enables you to forget your body and its coverings and to devote yourself entirely to the work in hand.

A man cannot work if he cannot be absolutely free and comfortable. If you have a hard spell of brain-work before you—preparation for an exam. or work that you have brought home for an evening's quiet reading—the best way to set about it is to have a good wash in cold water and to put on your oldest suit of clothes.



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## DRESS.

Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.  
Wanted, Frock Coat, good condition, fitting man 5ft. 7in., chest 39in.—Box 1793, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.  
Overcoat (green), gauntlet cuffs, boxed seams, full skirt, vent, fit 5ft. 6in.; cost 34s., sell 16s.—Box 1794, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.  
Forty Trousers-stretchers for sale at 4s. each only. Apply early.—H. Jones, Francis Street, Monton, Eccles.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, cowhide Cricket Bag, large size, must be in good condition.—Box 1795, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.  
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Bargain, 30s. Royal Piano Harp; 15s. cash, or exchange for anything useful.—Box 1792, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.  
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## "DIGS."

Wanted, Country Digs where plenty of riding can be obtained. Midlands preferred.—Box 1805, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.  
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Pedigree Polo Pony, 13 hands, 4 years, broken to all harness, price £30.—Stanley, 43, St. Alban's Terrace, Rochdale.  
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Wanted, small secondhand rustic Summer-house; must be cheap.—Box 1816, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.  
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20s. weekly easily earned selling cigars and cigarettes to friends, clubs, &c.; single boxes at wholesale prices.—Whiteley, Cigar Importer, Manchester.  
For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.  
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For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.  
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